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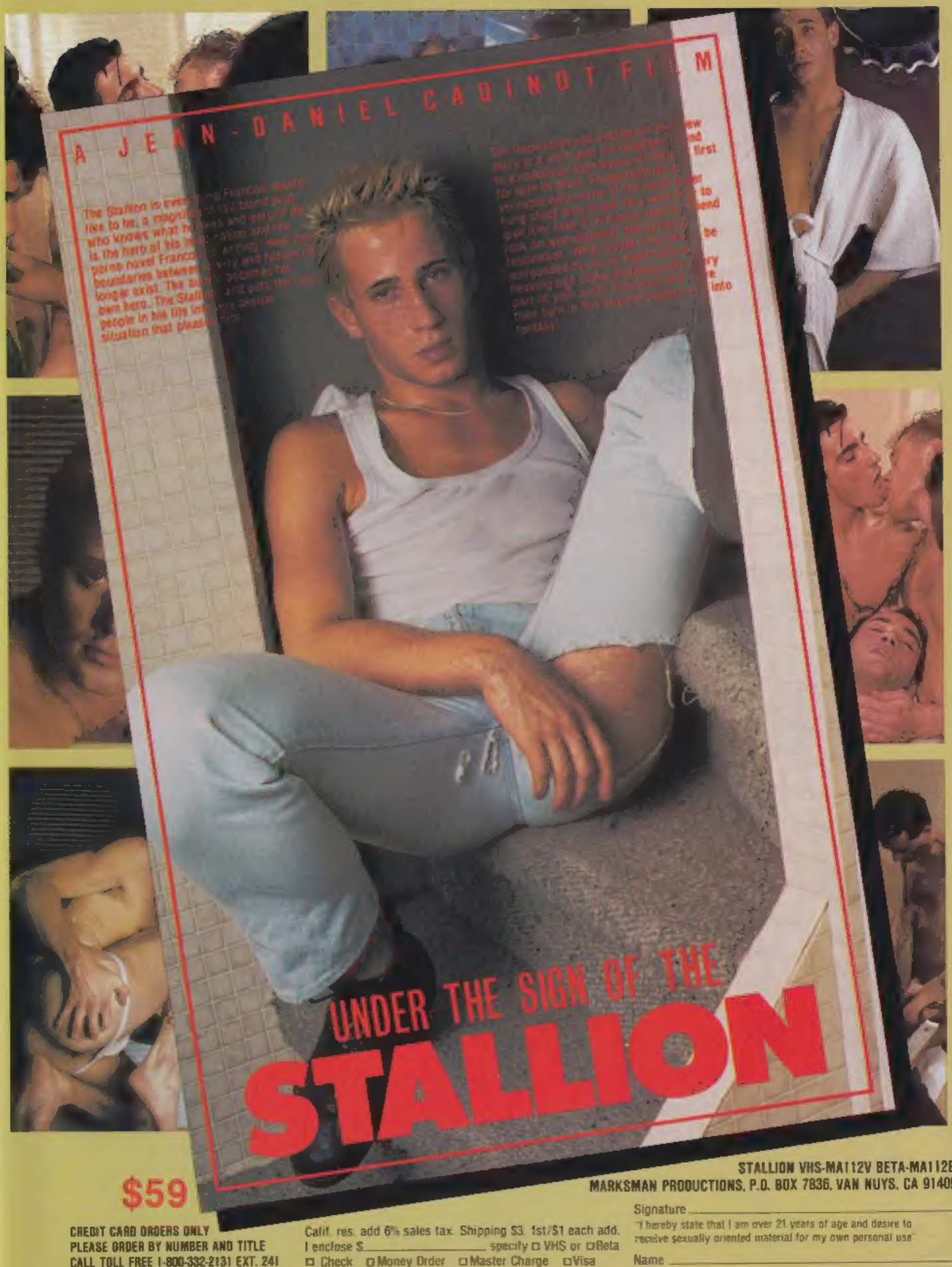

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HONCHO

NOVEMBER 1987
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Big Muscles, Hard Men

Like most gay men with any brains, Glen had cut down on the number of partners he had sex with. And, like most things in life, his new restraint had turned out to be a mixed blessing.

During the first few months, he often found himself at the mercy of a restless, itchy kind of horniness. The frustration was as much a state of mind as a physical need. He masturbated more; he fantasized more; he immersed himself in porno magazines and "action" videotapes. It was almost like being a closeted teenager again—the sap constantly flowing, the palm of the hand calloused from overuse.

But abstinence also allowed time for introspection, and he began to realize how much of his time and energy he'd once routinely wasted cruising the bars and the baths. Now, if he was sometimes lonely, he also had time for himself—and for others. He got back in touch with old friends, including a couple of former lovers. He wrote long, thoughtful letters, instead of picking up the phone for a quick check-in. His evenings and weekends seemed longer,

BY ROLAND GRAEME • PHOTOS BY CHRIS MORRIS

Glen coveted Jay's body, but he didn't much like the man. Jay was one of those body-builders who strutted around the gym as though he owned the place, his torso either bare or draped in a tanktop so skimpy and so sodden with sweat that it was even more revealing than nakedness. Glen had to admit Jay had something worth showing off—pecs the size of two weight plates, shoulders like cannon balls, and abs to die for.

but not unpleasantly so. They promised all sorts of possibilities for innocent pleasures.

Glen hadn't become *all* spirit, however. He was using his brains, but he wasn't neglecting his body. He invested a lot of his newfound time and energy in working out at his gym, at last getting his money's worth out of the membership fee.

As his physique steadily improved, making him more desirable to other men than ever, he naturally found himself being much choosier about whom he was attracted to. He deeply admired the washboard abs, tight buttocks, thick thighs, and knotted biceps of his more dedicated gym mates. He always had, of course, but now other men whose lusts might have stimulated his own during his promiscuous days began to look pasty and wasted, from sloth and from overindulgence in alcohol and drugs.

Fortunately, these sad specimens were in the minority at the gym. It was for men only, and most of the men were gay. The bulletin board was a source of information about local gay events and issues, and a prominently displayed sign in the steam room warned that "Improper behavior in this area will be cause for immediate suspension of membership privileges!" On the whole, the members were very discreet.

Red-faced and oozing sweat from his every pore, Glen struggled to bench-press a 150-pound barbell. His arm and shoulder muscles were knotted painfully with the effort, but Glen realized that he was actually getting off on the temporary discomfort. It wasn't so long ago that his idea of "fun" would have been to lie face-down on a mattress in an orgy room at the baths and snort poppers while getting fucked up the ass by some anonymous stranger. The most exer-

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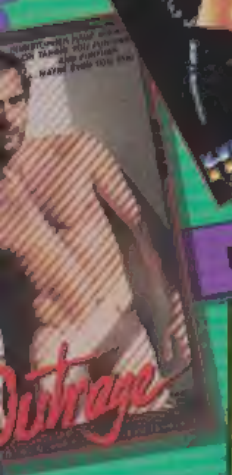

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cise he'd permitted himself back then was staggering home to bed after a long night of such activity. And now look at him—Mister Macho, Mister Clean, the Crown Prince of Jock City!

Ever since he'd begun serious workouts, Glen had fallen into the habit of singling out certain fellow members to admire, to model himself after, to lust for. He was particularly excited by a guy whose buddies called him Jay. Jay was a bruiser, bigger and stronger than Glen by many an inch and many a pound of solid muscle. But everything was in proportion so that he didn't seem at all clumsy or musclebound.

Glen coveted Jay's body, but he didn't much like the man. Not at first, anyway. Jay was one of those bodybuilders who strutted around the gym as though they owned the place, his torso either bare or draped in a tanktop so skimpy and so sodden with sweat that it was even more revealing than nakedness. Still, Glen grudgingly had to admit that Jay had something worth showing off—pecs the size of two weight plates, for instance, shoulders like cannon balls, abs to die for.

Jay had one habit in particular that irritated Glen to no end. He liked to use the various pieces of exercise equipment to rest on between sets. One night about a week before, Glen had wanted to do a set of leg curls. He walked over to the machine, which Jay happened to be using at the time, and stood there waiting for the big man to relinquish it to him. But when his leg work was completed, Jay simply turned around and sat down on the padded seat.

Glen's intentions were obvious, so when Jay didn't move after several seconds, he said politely, "I'd like to use that, if you're not going to."

Jay looked up irritably and panted, "I'm just *resting* for a couple of minutes, and then I'm going to do another set."

Glen smiled sweetly. "Well, since you're not going to be doing that set right away, I'd like to do one while you're *resting* for those couple of minutes."

Jay glared at him hatefully, then walked away from the apparatus. Glen quickly did his set, got off the machine, and moved to the calf machine. A few minutes later, he noticed Jay doing another grueling set of leg curls, spraying the machine and everything in its immediate vicinity with sweat. As soon as he was finished, he jumped off the machine.

Glen had forgotten the incident until tonight, when he saw Jay working out as hard as usual but moving quickly from one machine or stack of free weights to another as soon as he'd completed his sets. Glen grinned to himself. Apparently he had taught the big musclehead something about basic gym etiquette.

Jay slipped his hands between Glen's parted thighs and lightly rubbed his oily fingertips over the creases where his belly met the tops of his thighs. He tickled both sides of Glen's crotch, and Glen's erection throbbed against the table top. "I always get horny after a good workout," Glen said. "Oh yeah?" said Jay. "*How* horny?"

Glen's smirk quickly became a grimace of concentration and pain as he strained to complete his bench presses. "Oh, fuck," he muttered under his breath, as the rotor cuffs in his shoulders threatened to pop from the strain of hoisting the heavy barbell to arm's length above his chest. *Oh, fuck!* he repeated mentally. *I'm not going to make it. I'm going to drop this motherfucker!* He could see the headline in the scandal sheet: "PECS OF DEATH. COCKSUCKER'S CHEST CRUSHED AT FAGGOT GYM."

"You can do it."

Startled by the voice, Glen looked up through his sweat and saw Jay standing behind his head, almost leaning on the pressing bench's two upright supports, his huge arms and hands extended to catch the barbell, if necessary.

"You can finish the set," Jay coaxed, his crotch practically rubbing against the top of Glen's disheveled head. "Go for it. Squeeze your hands together on the bar, as if you were pushing them against each other, while you lift it. That always helps me finish the last few reps."

Glen tried it, and to his amazement it worked. *Ten eleven twelve.* Twelve was his limit, but he forced himself to go for three more reps. *Thirteen fourteen fifteen.* His shoulder muscles were going to give out. High above his chest, the barbell wavered.

"Finish it," Jay urged, his hands poised next to Glen's on the bar. "Sixteen!"

Glen finished and let the weight fall back into the supports with a thud, then sagged on the bench, which was awash in his own sweat.

"I told you you could do it," Jay said lightly. "It's all in the head, you know. Mind over matter. You'd better cool down now. You look like you're about ready to have a heart attack."

Glen couldn't tell if the other guy was being subtly malicious, to pay him back for the earlier incident, or truly sincere. He chose to believe the latter. "Thanks," he said breathlessly. "I knew I couldn't drop it—not with you spotting for me. I bet *you* could lift that weight with one hand."

Jay shrugged modestly, but he seemed pleased by the compliment. "I don't like to see anybody hurt himself."

Somewhat to Glen's surprise, Jay hovered near him during the rest of his workout, making small talk and offering the less experienced weightlifter an occasional word of advice.

By the time they were standing next to each other in the locker room, stripping out of their sweaty exercise gear, it was almost as though they were old friends.

"Christ, my arms and shoulders ache," Glen complained.

Jay laughed. "They ought to, after the way you were pushing yourself."

"I'll probably be sore in the morning, but I guess it'll be worth it."

"You ought to have a massage before you hit the showers. After I go through a really hard workout like that, I usually let Tony work me over. Too bad he's not on duty tonight."

Tony was the gym's masseur. He was a huge brute, built like a gorilla, and he was ugly—and straight. He charged by the half-hour or the hour.

"Tony's a bit expensive for me, anyway," Glen said lightly, wrapping a towel around his waist and doing his damnedest to avoid looking down at the other man's genitals.

"I could do you. Massage you, I mean."

There was nothing suggestive in Jay's voice or manner, but Glen had to fight to keep from trembling, and he forgot to answer.

"We can use Tony's massage room. It's always unlocked. Nobody'll give a fuck."

Continued to page 20

Set 'Em Up, Joe

STORY AND ART BY RICHARD A. WHITE

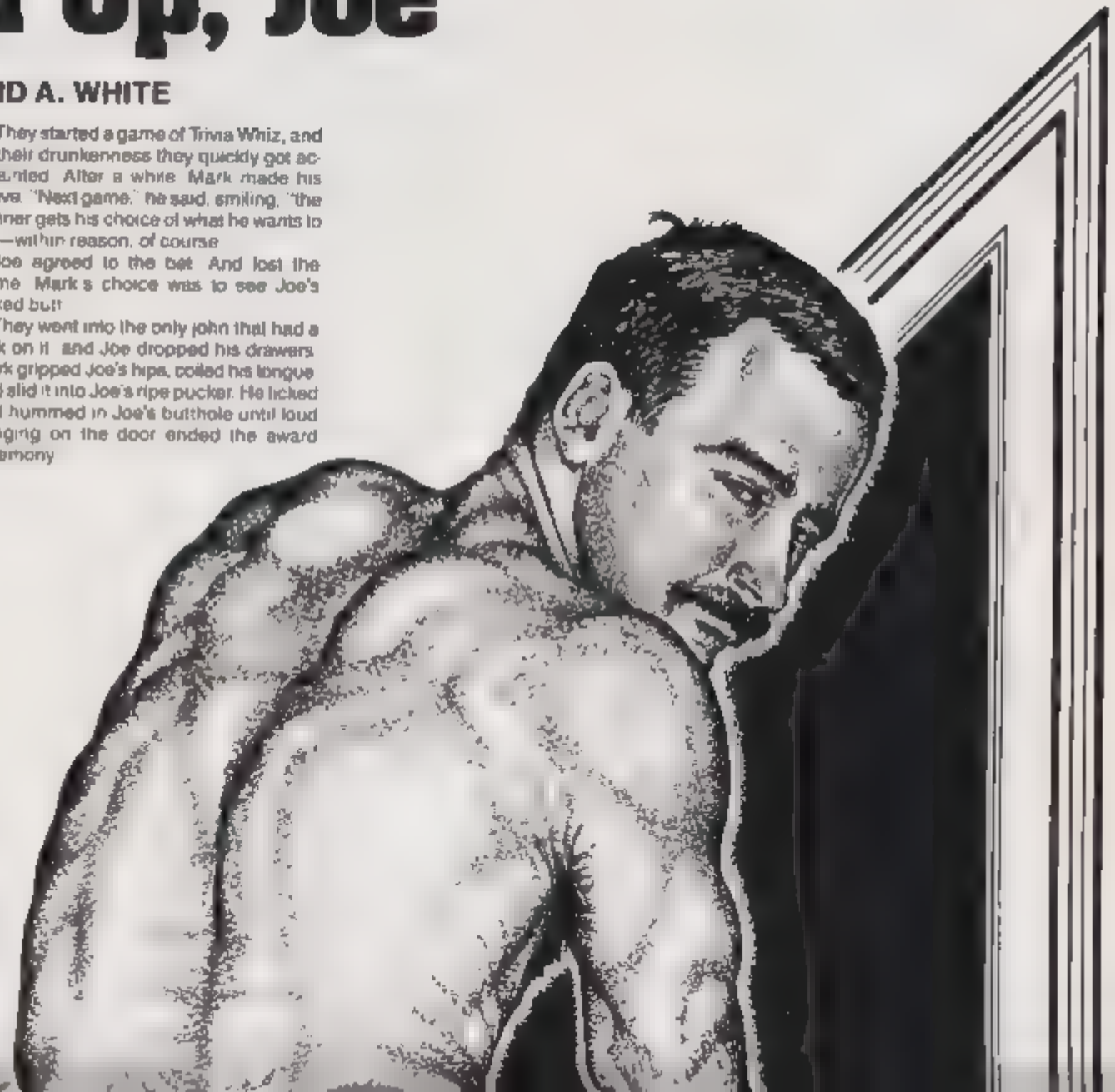
Whenever he was short of cash, Mark Bosco would go to Ty's Bar on Christopher Street and bet for drinks on the Trivia Whiz machine. He usually won. His competitors thought he was well read. In truth, since high school he'd hardly read anything except the newspaper. But he'd spent a lot of nights at Ty's, and by now he had memorized most of the answers in the entertainment category.

This particular night was Thursday schnapps night—fifty cents a piece. After winning several games, Mark felt slightly drunk and more than slightly proud. He had gone through several opponents, none of whose looks he deemed acceptable, and then a new face appeared beside the machine. The guy's name was Joe. He stood almost six feet tall, had sandy-blond hair, was dressed in a plaid shirt and 501s and he was beautiful. To Mark, anyway. He was a classic West Village clone—rugged but studied handsomeness, a hint of swagger in his manner, a gym-built body, short hair and a full, neatly trimmed moustache, just enough curly blond hairs peeking over the top of his T-shirt to let you know his chest was covered with more, an easy smile, and a glow of confidence that comes from getting, recently and often, exactly what you want out of life. Perfection. Absolute, utter perfection.

They started a game of Trivia Whiz, and in their drunkenness they quickly got acquainted. After a while Mark made his move. "Next game," he said, smiling, "the winner gets his choice of what he wants to do—within reason, of course."

Joe agreed to the bet. And lost the game. Mark's choice was to see Joe's naked butt.

They went into the only john that had a lock on it, and Joe dropped his drawers. Mark gripped Joe's hips, coiled his tongue and slid it into Joe's ripe pucker. He licked and hummed in Joe's butthole until loud banging on the door ended the award ceremony.



Mark gripped Joe's hips, coiled his tongue into a wet, hard digit, and slid it into Joe's ripe pucker. Joe's cock responded by letting the cockhead slide out of the foreskin and curving up like an eight-inch rhino horn. Mark licked and hummed into Joe's hole until a bang on the door ended the "ceremony."

"Time for another game," Joe said, shaking the pre-cum off his dick and stuffing it back into his tight jeans.

Joe won the next game, by remembering that Jackie Gleason had starred in the original version of *The Life of Riley*.

Mark sipped his schnapps and smiled in anticipation. "Winner's choice. Within reason," he reminded.

"Sure. I want you to stuff my *reasonably* fat cock down your *reasonably* hot throat."

Mark downed the last of his beer and followed Joe to the john. The bar had gotten busy, so there was a line, which gave Mark and Joe time to talk. Joe told Mark that he'd had a lover for ten years in upstate New York. His lover had a horse farm. Joe worked in the city, where he had a small apartment, and saw his lover on weekends and holidays. Eventually he wanted to study animal husbandry.

Mark laughed. "How appropriate—hung like a horse and rearing them," he said. To himself he added, *and happily married. Just my luck.*

By the time they were inside the john, Joe was already hard. Mark locked the door and dropped to his knees.

Joe ran his hands through Mark's silky black curls and said softly, "You really don't hafta do this, you know."

Mark looked up and grinned into Joe's glazed blue eyes. "A bet's a bet. I'd expect you to keep up your end if you lost again." He dribbled spit on Joe's cockhead, then slid the shaft down his throat.

Joe gripped the edge of the sink and thrust his hips forward, grinding his fuck-fur into Mark's moustache. Mark's eyes teared as the chunky cock gagged his throat.

"Good, baby," Joe crooned, "get it all. You're real good on my cock. Swallow it. Swallow it down."

After sliding his mouth up and down the thick shaft a few times, Mark slipped a spit-soaked finger up Joe's asshole. That lifted Joe right off the floor, and he shot wads of man-cream against the back of Mark's throat.

Throughout the next game both Mark and Joe had Cheshire-cat grins plastered all over their faces, each wondering what the other would ask for if he won. Mark won again, because he knew that *All About Eve* had received more Oscar nominations than any other film in history. He ordered a peach schnapps, which Joe paid for, and headed for the toilet.

"Drop your pants," he ordered, grinning. "I wanna heat up my schnapps."

Joe bent over the sink and spread his legs wide, and Mark filled his mouth with the peach schnapps and pursed his lips. Then he lowered his mouth to Joe's asshole and squirted the stinging liquor into Joe's innards. Joe clenched his sphincter and bucked with the sting.

Mark licked at the steamy vent and whispered huskily, "Okay, it's heated up. Now gimme it."

Joe spread his cheeks and let the liquid seep into Mark's mouth.

"Mmmm, hot fuckin' ass you got, Joe."

Mark wanted Joe's ass bad, and for much more than a few hurried minutes in a toilet. What he really wanted was what he would ask for if he won the next round of Trivia Whiz.

And win he did, hands down. He knew all the answers, and he even won two bonus questions. "Winner's choice," he crooned, "within reason."

Joe's asshole was still burning from the schnapps. "Within reason," he emphasized, casting a nervous glance at Mark. "So?"

"I want to spend the whole night with you," Mark announced.

"Well now, I'm not sure that's within reason. I've heard you're only a top, and I don't like it up the ass—cocks, that is."

Mark gripped Joe's butt and slid a finger up under the worn seam at the ass crack. "We'll think of plenty of other things to do, I'm sure."

They played one more game. "Double or nothing," Joe said. "I win, you lose the previous bet, and I get one choice. You win, you get tonight, and another choice."

"Deal," Mark agreed without hesitation. What should he ask for as a second choice, he wondered.

"Fucker," Joe growled, when Mark won again, but Joe was still flashing his dazzling smile. "What's your second choice?"

Mark gulped down the last of his schnapps and put his arm around Joe's shoulder. "I'll let you know after I get my first dibs. Let's go to my place."

They left quickly, waving at the bartenders as they went. One of the men behind the bar nodded good-night to Mark and grinned his approval at Joe on his arm. The other just nodded good-night.

Mark lived on Tenth Street, a short walk through the chilly February night. As Joe stood admiring the eighth-floor view of the river, Mark knelt and slowly undid his partner's belt buckle. He could feel Joe's cock swelling behind the fly buttons of his 501s, which he opened with his teeth.

Joe pulled Mark to his feet, shoved his tongue inside Mark's mouth, and groped for Mark's cock. "Mmm," Joe murmured. "I knew you hadda have a big one."

"Oh, yeah? And how'd you know I was a top?"

"I saw that nice round ass of yours bent over the machine and I asked the bartender about you," Joe confessed.

Mark held him close, enjoying the silkiness of Joe's milky-white skin. "Which bartender—Frank?"

"Yeah. Frank—the other hot Italian in there tonight."

"You asked the right person. Frank and me go way back."

A floor-length icicle of man-juice was hanging off the end of Joe's foreskin. Mark put his head on the floor and sucked in the strand like it was a length of spaghetti. Then he stood up and pulled Joe by the cock into the bathroom. They stood naked in front of the full-length mirror, Mark right behind Joe running his hands over Joe's chest and belly.

"You must make your lover very happy," said Mark, somehow actually relishing the bittersweet thought that Joe could not be totally his.

"I gotta take a leak," Joe said, pointedly changing the subject.

Mark followed him to the toilet. "Yeah, go now. We don't wanna hafta stop later."

Joe stood spread-legged over the bowl and tried to point his cock downward, but it was so hard and erect that he had to squat down low to get the right angle. As he did, his hairy cheeks spread open, and Mark reached through his powerful thighs and held the gushing cock while Joe pissed, at the same time lathering Joe's crack with his tongue.

Continued to page 74

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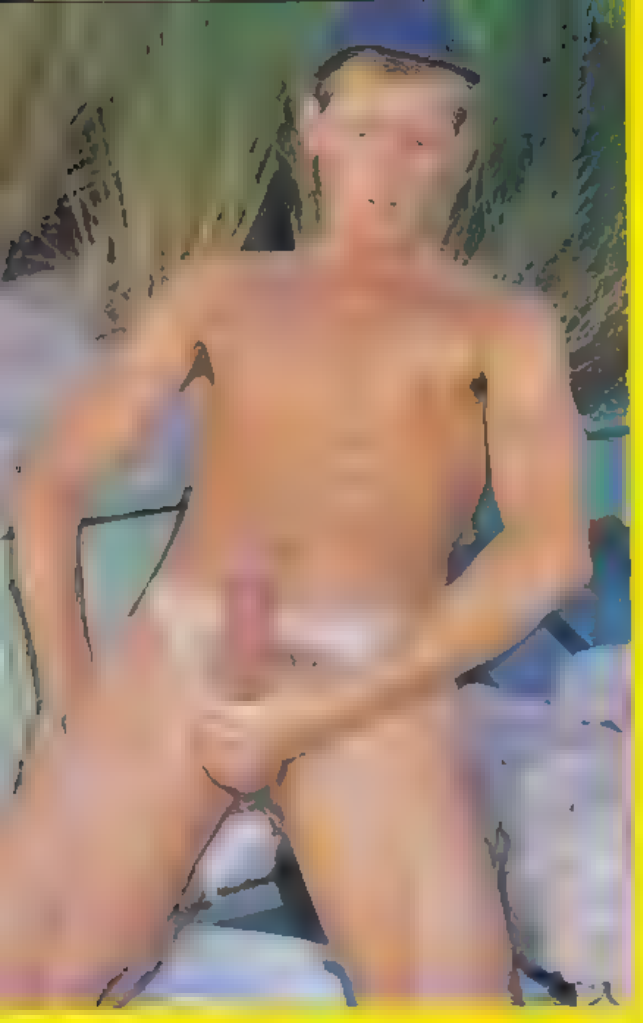

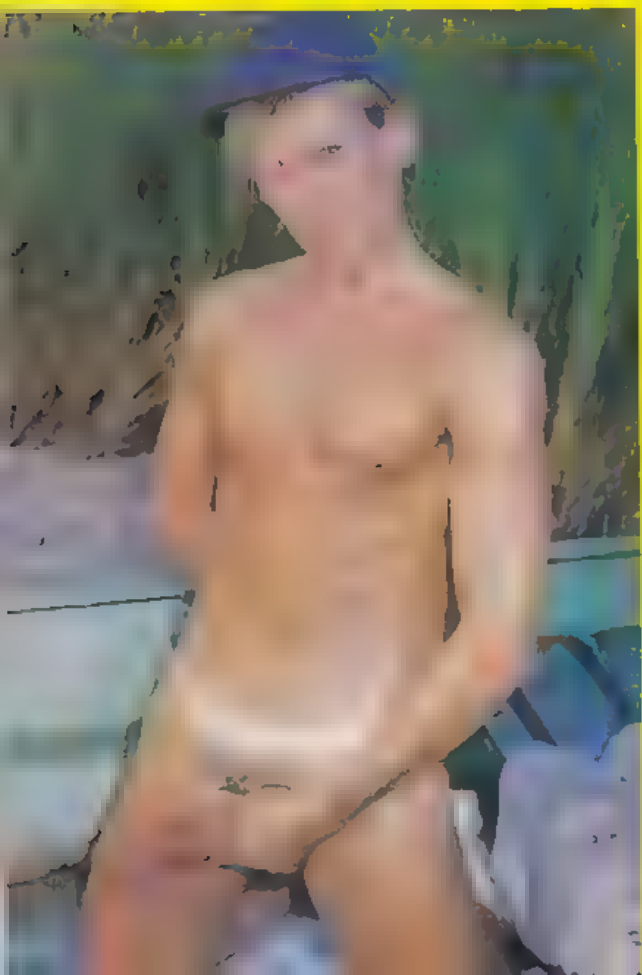

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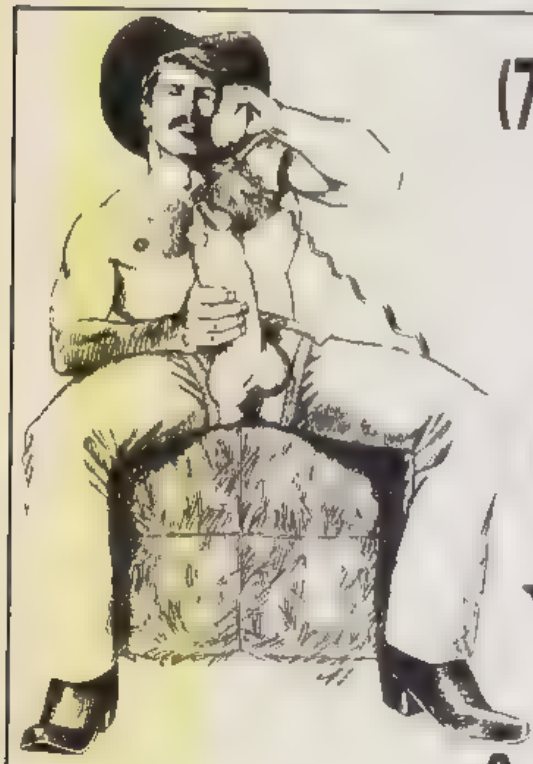

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Continued from page 9

Glen shrugged "All right. Lead the way. I'll try anything if it'll keep me from feeling all achey and knotted up tomorrow morning."

He followed Jay to Tony's cubicle. Glen had never rented the masseur's services, and he was surprised by how much the room resembled a cubicle at the baths. It was carpeted, with a padded massage table, a chair, and a small stand on wheels that contained Tony's supplies—oil, rubbing alcohol, and fresh towels.

"Lie down," Jay invited.

Somehow, Glen wasn't particularly surprised when Jay took the chair and, B-movie style, wedged it under the doorknob to secure the door.

"What's with the towel?" the big guy demanded, when he turned back to face Glen. "You shy or something?"

"A little," Glen lied. He shed the towel and flung it to the floor, then stretched out on the table, face down. He felt anything but relaxed, but it wasn't from shyness.

Jay dropped his towel and straddled Glen's hips. After coating the palms of his hands with oil, he quite matter-of-factly began the massage. He started at Glen's neck and worked his way slowly and efficiently all the way down to Glen's feet, kneading the sore flesh with about as much tenderness as a baker pounding fresh dough. Glen's dick, trapped between his belly and the padded table top, elongated and thickened, as Jay's fingers dug into his calf muscles, then moved up his legs toward his buttocks, inch by tantalizing inch.

"Feel good?" Jay asked softly.

Glen purred. He didn't trust himself to say anything.

"You're kind of a quiet one," Jay laughed—a low, voluptuous laugh—as his hands caressed Glen's thigh muscles. "I noticed that before. While I was watching you work out."

"I can't believe you've been wasting your time watching me."

Glen was acutely aware of Jay's body against his own, of the muscleman's weight resting on his legs, of their nakedness, their sweat, of his own aching muscles and the pleasant sense of fatigue that Jay's stroking fingers sent through them.

"Relax, man. God, you're all tensed up. I can feel it."

Jay slipped his hands between Glen's parted thighs and lightly rubbed his oily fingertips over the creases where his belly met the tops of his thighs. He tickled both

sides of Glen's crotch, and Glen's erection throbbed against the table top.

"I always get horny after a good, hard workout."

"Oh yeah? *How* horny?" Glen was getting braver.

"Real horny. This horny." Jay's hot, slippery hand, calloused from gripping the barbells, suddenly slid under Glen's belly and wrapped itself tightly and possessively around Glen's prick. "*This* horny," he repeated in a lewd whisper, leaning over Glen's back far enough for his own hard-on to brush against Glen's bare buttocks. "So horny that I want to jerk off afterward, before I go stand under the shower."

"Jesus," Glen gasped, writhing under the other man, who was already stroking and squeezing his cock, rubbing his knuckles roughly against the padded surface of the massage table.

"We can't make too much noise," Jay warned, pumping slowly up and down on Glen's cock.

Glen knew right away that if he let Jay continue to work on him like that, he would shoot off very quickly. "Don't," he protested weakly. "Okay?"

Jay grinned. "You've got to be kidding. Well, I'm not." He lifted himself just far enough to give Glen room to squirm underneath him, trapped as he was between Jay's brawny thighs. "Roll over."

As he twisted into the position Jay wanted, Glen stared at the other guy's cock and swallowed hard. It was almost grotesquely huge and looked incredibly hard and inflexible. Jay pressed his shaft against Glen's, as though to compare the two.

"You can come this way, can't you?"

Glen nodded. He sure could! It felt great to have Jay's big, calloused hand on his meat, squeezing their joints together.

"Jerk mine," Jay moaned, closing his eyes and rocking his hips back and forth. "Go ahead, jerk it for me while I jerk yours!" he gasped.

Slowly, as though in a dream, Glen stretched out his aching arm and reached for Jay's cock. The big man sighed with pleasure as Glen's fingers caressed the slippery-wet knob, then wrapped around the shaft and held it for a long moment. Then he began to beat it in a slow rhythm, exactly as Jay was doing with his.

"It feels great, doesn't it?" Jay panted.

Glen swallowed hard to clear his throat, then nodded his head vigorously. "Yeah! Hell, yeah!"

"It always does, especially when your goddamn arm and shoulder muscles are still all pumped up from hefting the weights."

Jay's hand moved faster on Glen's cock, and his legs were beginning to tense, the thick thigh muscles standing out in relief as he involuntarily flexed them, squeezing Glen's legs between them.

"Oh, fuck, man, I'm getting too goddamn excited," Jay choked, opening his eyes and staring down into Glen's face. "Too fucking turned on. Are you just about ready to shoot?"

"Yeah," Glen grunted. "Any minute now."

"Me, too. Me, too, you horny fucker!"

The two naked men stared into each other's eyes as their hands and arms pumped away like machines.

"Christ, I'm just about there!" Jay hissed exultantly, his muscular torso shuddering and dripping sweat as he gasped for air. "Squeeze my fucking dick, man. Don't be afraid to hurt me a little. *Squeeze* the motherfucker! Crush it! Oh, God, I'm coming! You're making me come, Glen, you're making me come!"

Glen pulled back slightly as cum streamed from the tip of Jay's cock, streaking through the air and squirting onto Glen's pecs. At almost the same instant, Glen felt his own long-delayed climax burst free.

"All of it," Jay coached feverishly. "Let me have *all* of that goddamn spunk, man!"

When at last they'd both stopped coming, Jay burst out into helpless, breathless laughter. "You sure came a lot. Even more than I did. What a fucking mess! Tony'd kill us if he ever found out."

Dazed, Glenn examined his right hand, holding it in front of his face. His fingers were coated with thick strands of the other man's sperm. And without looking, he could feel the sticky wetness of his own spunk gluing the head of his dick against his thigh. His face flushed with embarrassment, he nervously joined in Jay's laughter. He was fascinated by the nonchalant way Jay was taking all of this. The muscleman stood up, brazenly helped himself to one of Tony's neatly stacked towels, and used it to wipe the semen off his hands and crotch. Then he grinned at Glen, slapped him on the bare shoulder, balled up the towel, and shoved it into his hands.

"Between the massage I gave you and dropping that big load of jizm, I bet you feel a hell of a lot more relaxed," Jay teased. "Don't you?"

"I—I guess so," Glen muttered.

Jay looked at him. "It's no big deal, is it, man? I mean, you're not going to freak out on me just because we traded hand-jobs, are you?"

Glen did his best to imitate the other guy's casual attitude toward what they'd just done together. "'Course not," he said, and then sat up and wiped himself with the towel. "It's just that . . it's been a while since I was with anybody. . since I did *anything* with *anybody*, if you know what I mean."

Jay sighed. "Yeah. I know *exactly* what you mean."

"This was sort of unexpected. I'm kind of out of practice."

Jay grinned. "So am I. Listen, I wish we could do more together. But I don't really know you well enough—no offense—and this isn't exactly the ideal time or place. If you're not in a hurry to get home, maybe we could go out for coffee or something after we've showered and dressed."

"I'd like that, Jay. I'd like that a lot."

"Good. Just to be on the safe side, I'll leave first. You wait here a minute or two, catch your breath, and then I'll see you in the showers. Okay?" With an impish grin, Jay left the cubicle, carefully closing the door behind him.

Glen stood up and slowly flexed his arms. They didn't hurt at all. He had a premonition that his visits to the gym were going to be a lot more interesting—and productive—from now on. ■

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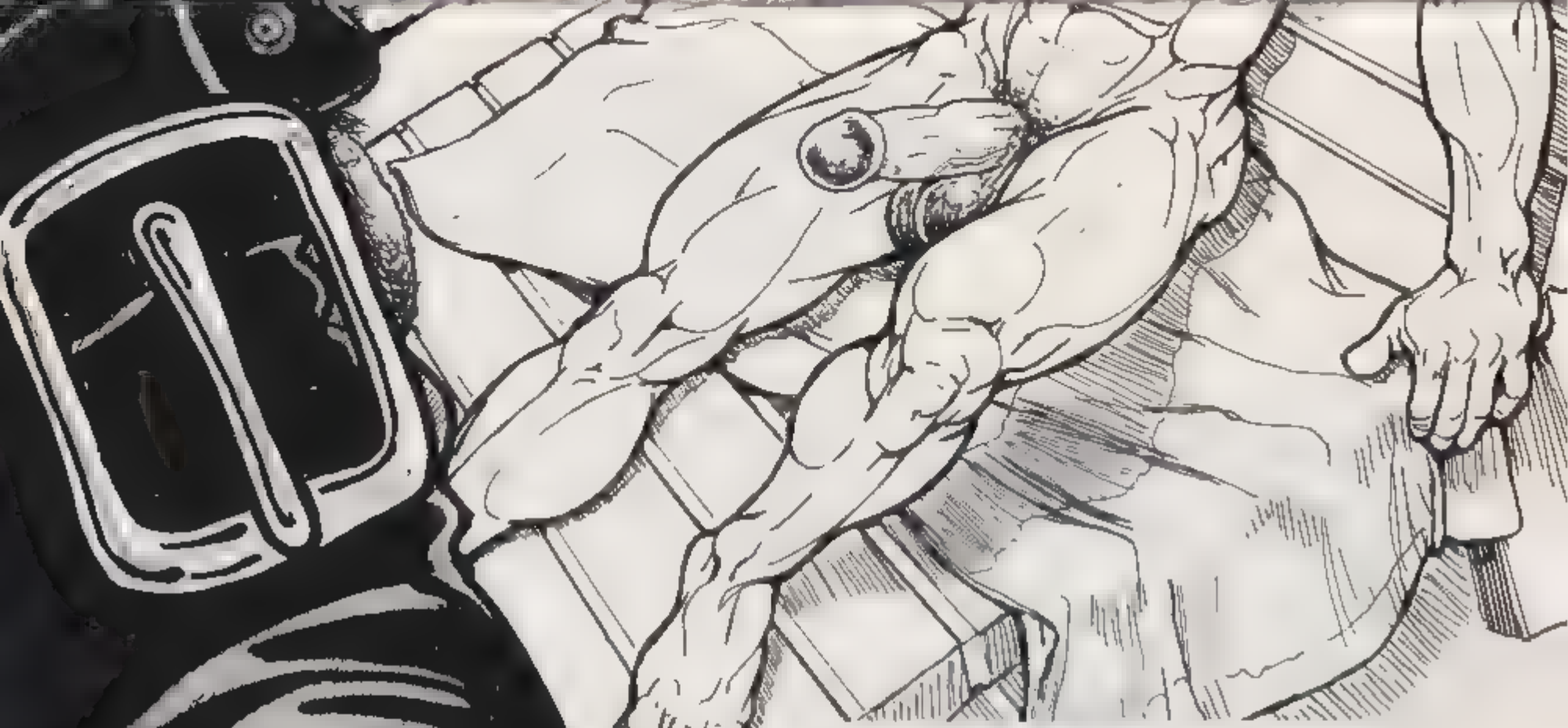
FOREIGN EXCHANGE

BY ROBERT RALPH • ART BY MATT



I looked out my office window at the streams of traffic thirty floors below and John, my son, sat patiently waiting for a decision. Finally he cleared his throat to catch my attention. I turned around and said, "Sorry, my mind was a million miles away."

"So I noticed. It's happened a lot lately. Yesterday in that board meeting. Last Friday when the European market rep was here. And—"

"I know, I know!"

"The trouble is, Dad, you need a vacation. Or something to take your mind off work."

"You're right, but I can't afford it."

"Nonsense. You've got a competent staff. You don't want to take it, that's all."

"If I told you what I really want to do—"

"Try me."

"I want to chuck all this. Give it up. And do what I want to do. If you're ready to take over—"

"You're joking, of course."

"I've never been more serious in my life."

"I'd expect to hear that from some yokel off the street, but not from my dad. At forty-eight, you're telling me you're burned out?"

ERIC, THE AUSTRIAN STUDENT MY SON BROUGHT HOME, SETTLED INTO OUR HOUSEHOLD. HE CONSTANTLY RAN AROUND IN A STATE OF UNDRESS. OFTEN HE WORE ONLY THIN, PALE-YELLOW SHORTS THAT OUTLINED EVERY BULGE OF HIS CROTCH AND BEAUTIFUL ASS. IN A FEW SHORT DAYS, HE HAD HEIGHTENED MY DESIRE TO NEARLY THE BREAKING POINT. TO MAKE IT EASIER, I AVOIDED BEING AROUND HIM, EVEN THOUGH I WANTED TO BE AROUND HIM MORE THAN ANYTHING.

"No, but all my life I've done what was expected. I played football because my old man wanted it. I went to the schools my mother picked. I started in the stockroom at Standard Enterprises and worked my way up, learning every phase of our business. When required, I stepped in as Chairman of the Board. Signed, sealed, and delivered."

"Well, I'm not ready to tackle it yet. You need a change of pace. A diversion."

"What do you suggest?"

"You need a love interest."

"Fat chance."

"Well, you've always wanted to do something with your photography. Now that I'm grown . . . and Mother's gone . . . why don't you?"

"Too many people depend on me. But it does sound appealing. I'd like to do something I've always wanted, without any outside considerations." I looked out over the horizon. "I wish I could leave, for a while at least, and indulge myself." I dreamed a minute. "No, it's out of the question." John looked at me with a strange, almost devilish smile. "You're up to no good," I told him.

"I've got an idea," he said. "One that might solve your problem." He jumped for the door as I muttered a reply. "Don't ask, Dad. I'll fill you in on it, later."

When John returned home that evening, he brought a reluctant young man with him. The visitor wasn't overly tall but was very chunky, with knots of muscle bulging from his tight shirt. He wore European-cut walking shorts, exposing a magnificent set of thighs and calves, as well as a large box. His mane of snarled, butter-yellow hair framed an appealing, angular face. His dark-green eyes instantly picked up on my admiration for his body.

"Dad, meet Eric. He's an Austrian student from school who needs a place to live, cheap. He was a part-time ski instructor last season, but it didn't pay enough to carry him through this academic year. So I volunteered our garage apartment. Free of charge."

"Well . . . I . . ." I stammered.

"He's an artist . . . of sorts. Having him here might serve as an inspiration for you to finally do some serious camera work, take your mind off the office long enough to recharge your batteries."

As I carefully scrutinized the young man with the thick accent and handsome face, I wondered if I was ready to cope with having him under foot. And I was curious why John thought he would be the inspiration I needed.

"I do hope it's not inconvenient," Eric said, genuinely concerned. His green eyes riveted on mine and a warm glow poured over me. I got extremely nervous.

John glanced at his watch. "Gosh, I'm late for my next class. Got to run. You'll have to show Eric his space. Just look at that face, Dad. I see the cover of *GQ* in that jaw line!"

"The apartment's out back," I said, picking up the nearest bag.

Once the sexy Austrian and I were alone, my knees began to shake. We were barely inside when Eric pulled off his shirt and wiped perspiration from his brow. His pecs were as angular as his cheekbones and proportionately large. Staring at me, he touched the sweat-damp shirt to his nipples and caressed himself. I became very uncomfortable and the room suddenly seemed stifling. I had photos of him in my mind's eye, but they weren't *GQ* material! I mumbled an excuse and left as quickly as I could, holding my erection down by shoving my hands in my pockets.

Eric settled in and our household assumed a new routine. He constantly ran around in a state of undress—no shirt or underwear—and usually with unlaced tennis shoes, the tongues slapping as he walked. Often he wore only thin, pale-yellow shorts that outlined every bulge of his crotch and beautiful ass. In a few short days, he had heightened my desire nearly to the breaking point. To make it easier, I avoided being around him, even though I wanted to be around him more than anything.

John took me aside and said, "You know, Dad, you really ought to be friendlier to Eric. He thinks you don't like him. And I know he'd be a great subject for your camera. If you really don't care for him—"

"Why, nothing could be further from the truth."

"Well, at least try to be nicer. He's very sensitive."

"I'll do my best."

I set up my little darkroom with the best equipment I could lay my hands on and started to indulge myself. The creative energies flowed at an incredible speed. I took a week off from work and kept no particular schedule but photographed around the neighborhood until I was too exhausted

MATT

THE YOUNG STUDENT WRITHED AND LOCKED HIS LEGS AROUND MY WAIST. MY DICK PRESSED AGAINST ERIC'S ASS, AND I GROPED AROUND THE NIGHTSTAND FOR THE KY. THE SECOND MY FINGERS TOUCHED HIM WITH A GOB OF THE LUBE, HE SLID AGAINST THEM. "YES, DO IT. SCREW ME NOW."

to think straight. I was on a high like nothing I'd ever experienced before. Selling my work was another matter. I was determined not to capitalize on my family name, but to let my photos rise or fall on their own merit. I knew it was good work. Certainly better than average. And I knew it was saleable. But I couldn't find anyone to take the chance on an unknown. It didn't matter. Not really. I was having the time of my life, even though I knew it was to be a short-lived diversion.

My attraction for Eric grew daily. I tried to be friendly, but it was extremely difficult, since I wanted to be much more than friendly. He and John were together a lot, and I became convinced they might be having an affair. It sparked my jealousy, until John reminded me I was supposed to be friendlier to our house guest.

One Saturday afternoon, Eric was sprawled in a chaise in our secluded backyard, drinking in the sun, putting the finishing touches on a spectacular tan. He wore only the briefest salmon-colored trunks. I decided to ask him to pose for me, at long last. Deep down inside, I knew I had ulterior motives.

"Mind if I take a few shots, while you're just lying there?"

He stood up and stretched his sweat-slick body. "Of course not!" he said, warming to my friendly overture. "It's the very least I can do, after all your hospitality. I've been hoping that you'd ask."

In one swift move, he shucked the skimpy bathing suit and plunked himself down again, stark naked. It took me completely by surprise. He arranged his ballsac and draped that big cylinder of a dick limply across his muscle-corded thigh, then put his hands behind his neck and leaned back, grinning knowingly.

"Is there any particular way you want me?" he asked quietly, raising an eyebrow.

"No, no—you're fine," I stammered.

My gaze targeted his crotch, and his wry grin became a broad smile. He pushed his hips forward and arranged his dick once more, tugging it slightly. It began to balloon, like it was filling with gas from an unseen source. It rose and fell and emitted a large puddle of pre-cum.

"Just tell me. . . how you want me," he said sensuously, his dick almost completely erect. "I'll do *whatever* you want me to."

"Just stay as you are," I managed.

"*Whatever* you want."

I tried to focus, but I was hypnotized by his cock stiffening and softening, moving back and forth, dribbling sticky liquid.

"Eric," I said at last, "thank you for your cooperation. But it's too hot out here to work."

"It is getting rather hot, isn't it?" he said.

"Indeed."

"Perhaps we should go inside," he suggested.

"Yeah."

He followed me into the house, his semi-erection flopping from side to side.

"I need to clean up," he remarked. "Then . . . we can try again."

"Sure," I said, nodding towards my bathroom.

He made a lot of noise but didn't turn on the water. Finally, he stuck his head around the door and said, "I can't work this shower."

I remembered I'd installed one of those four-speed shower massagers on the nozzle, which confused him. "I'll show you how it works," I said.

"Good," he answered, as I turned on the water and adjusted the temperature.

He stepped into the tub, only inches from me, and my gaze traveled up and down his hard body, conditioned by countless hours on the ski slopes. It was hairless, except for the heavy bush around his long, pink, uncut cockmeat and pendulous balls.

"It's a shower massager," I explained, adjusting the flow of water to the correct density.

I touched the stream lightly to his chest, and he gasped as I raked it slowly from nipple to nipple. The little darts of flesh hardened under the cascade. Eric groaned with pleasure.

"It is the most wonderful thing I ever felt!"

I splashed the water down his sides and over his thighs, tickling up his calves and into the crack of his broad ass. He shut his eyes and purred like a lion. I couldn't control myself and let the caressing stream crawl to his front again and took a swipe at his ballsac. Instantly, it drew up and his dick lurched. As I flicked the jets along the shaft, it swelled from the titillation. I continued spraying until he got a roaring hard, the big head shoving through the ring of uncut flesh, glazed by the continuous flow.

Eric clenched his fists and kept groaning as I worked faster and faster, increasing the force until water was spraying everywhere, stroking his dick in a flurry of motion. I knew I should stop, but I was fascinated by that huge erection responding to my attack.

Suddenly, Eric's face contorted and he began gasping, a low moan steadily rising in pitch. I hammered away at the tip of his dick. He turned to face me and screamed wildly as cum spurted a good two feet into the air and struck my chest. It burned through my shirt for a second and then grew cold. The milky spray kept peppering me, and Eric kept yelling in pleasure. When his dick began to soften, I handed him the implement.

"I think you can see how it works."

"Yes," he said smiling. "I understand a lot more . . . now." He hung the massager on its hook and began unbuttoning my sticky shirt.

"God, I want you! I want you!" he whispered, pulling at my buttons. "I've waited too long!" He ground his mouth against mine.

MATT

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

Without separating, we managed to get my clothes off, strewing them from the bathroom to the bedroom. There wasn't time to take off my socks. Eric writhed and locked his legs around my waist, moaning fiercely, tonguing the inside of my mouth. My dick pressed against his ass, and I groped around the nightstand for the KY and got a handful before dropping the tube. The second my fingers touched him with a gob of it, he slid against them.

"Yes, yes, yes . . .do it. . .now . . . oh, God, do it now! Screw me! Now!"

I was ready. I felt for the opening and pressed against it. I'm pretty big across the head, but he accommodated me easily. We fit together like we were tailor-made for each other. I got all the way in before he went berserk, thrashing and tossing from side to side, groaning like a wild man. At first, I wasn't sure if it was pleasure or pain, but the smile on his face answered that question for me. I slowly ground in and out and around, in time with his frantic gyrations.

"Oh, God," he moaned, "it's so good, so fucking good!"

He raked his fingers up and down my back, bit my neck and earlobes, yanked my hair, shoved his ass harder against me. I kept stroking, and licked his neck. His body began the wildest contortions yet, and I thought sure we'd roll off the bed. He threw his head back as I pushed my dick all the way inside and found paydirt.

"Oh, God!" he cried. "That's it, that's the place! Oh, God! Oh, God, I'm coming! I'm coming!"

His nails dug into my shoulder and he unloaded wads of thick, steaming cum all over us. I trembled with excitement as I forced my own hot load inside him. As it rushed against the tortured walls of his ass, he screamed and locked his legs around my back. We shook all over and rolled from side to side, mashing KY on the sheets, throwing pillows half way across the room. When our wracked bodies finally cooled down, we lay holding each other, Eric running his hands through my hair.

"Our bodies seem to fit together pretty well," I said.

"That's an understatement." He smiled. "Does that mean I can stay a while longer?"

"You just try and leave," I said and kissed him.

Next morning at breakfast, we were touching toes under the table. He ran one foot up my leg and I got an instant hard. He felt it with his foot. Not one word was spoken. I shoved the table aside and pulled him out of the chair. My mouth crushed against his, and my hands tugged at his shorts. In my haste, I popped every button off and ripped one side. The only lubricant handy was the butter on the table, but it worked fine. Madness, utter madness. Sheer animal passion. Rolling over and over, coming wildly amid our mutual cries and the sound of breaking dishes as we overturned the table. Wild and wonderful.

Lying on the floor, calming down, I whispered, "I love you, Eric. I love you like crazy."

"That's good," he replied.

We heard a commotion in the hall and scurried to put the room in some semblance of order before John sleepily wandered in.

"What the hell's going on?" he asked.

"We're just . . ." I began.

"Getting better acquainted," Eric finished.

"Well, you're sure making a hell of a lot of noise doing it," John said. "But I'm glad."

"So am I," Eric answered.

"Does this mean you're finally going to get down to some serious camera work, Dad?"

They both looked at me. Eric and I winked at each other.

"I think it does," I said. "It also means I've finally gotten down to something else you thought I needed."

"Like what?" John asked coyly.

"Like a love interest, you conniving little fag."

Eric laughed. "Like father, like son," he said.

"Wait a minute. You haven't been fooling around with my son as well as with me, have you, Eric? I'm the old-fashioned type. I don't go in for that sort of—"

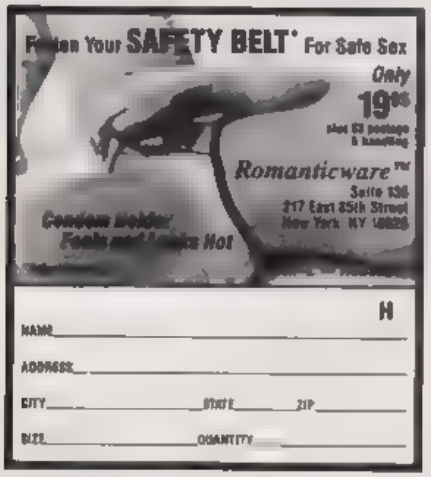
"Neither does your son, Pop. Neither does Eric. Believe me, he only has eyes for you."

"That is not all I have for your father, John. I also—"

"Never mind," John interrupted. "None of that kind of talk while I'm around."

"Then if you'll excuse us . . ." I said, rising from the table and gesturing for Eric to follow.

Apart from what we consumed in bed, Eric's and my next meal was a midnight, candle-lit supper, graciously prepared and served by my romantic but ever-so-proper son, for whose benefit Eric and I struggled—fairly successfully—to behave ourselves in the dining room ■



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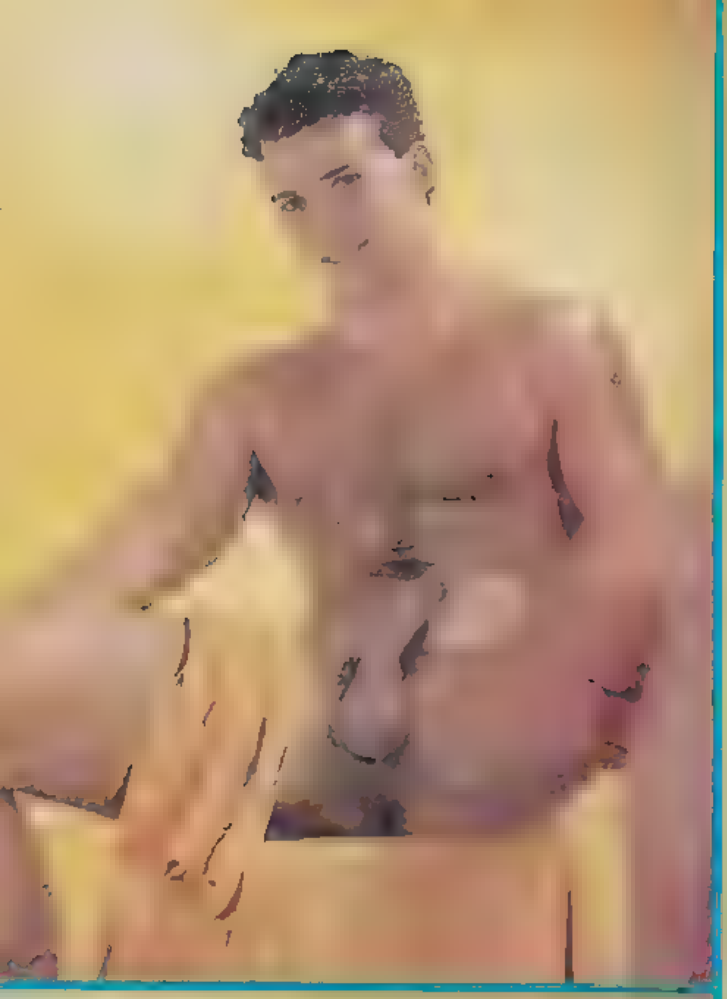

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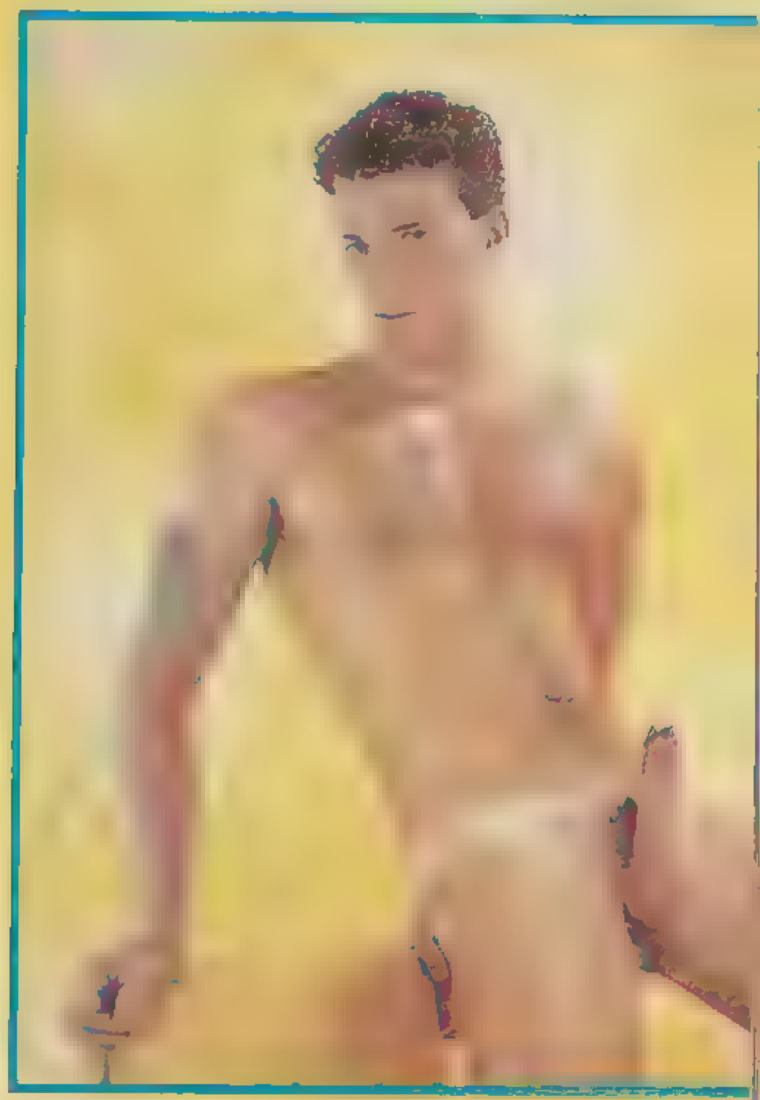

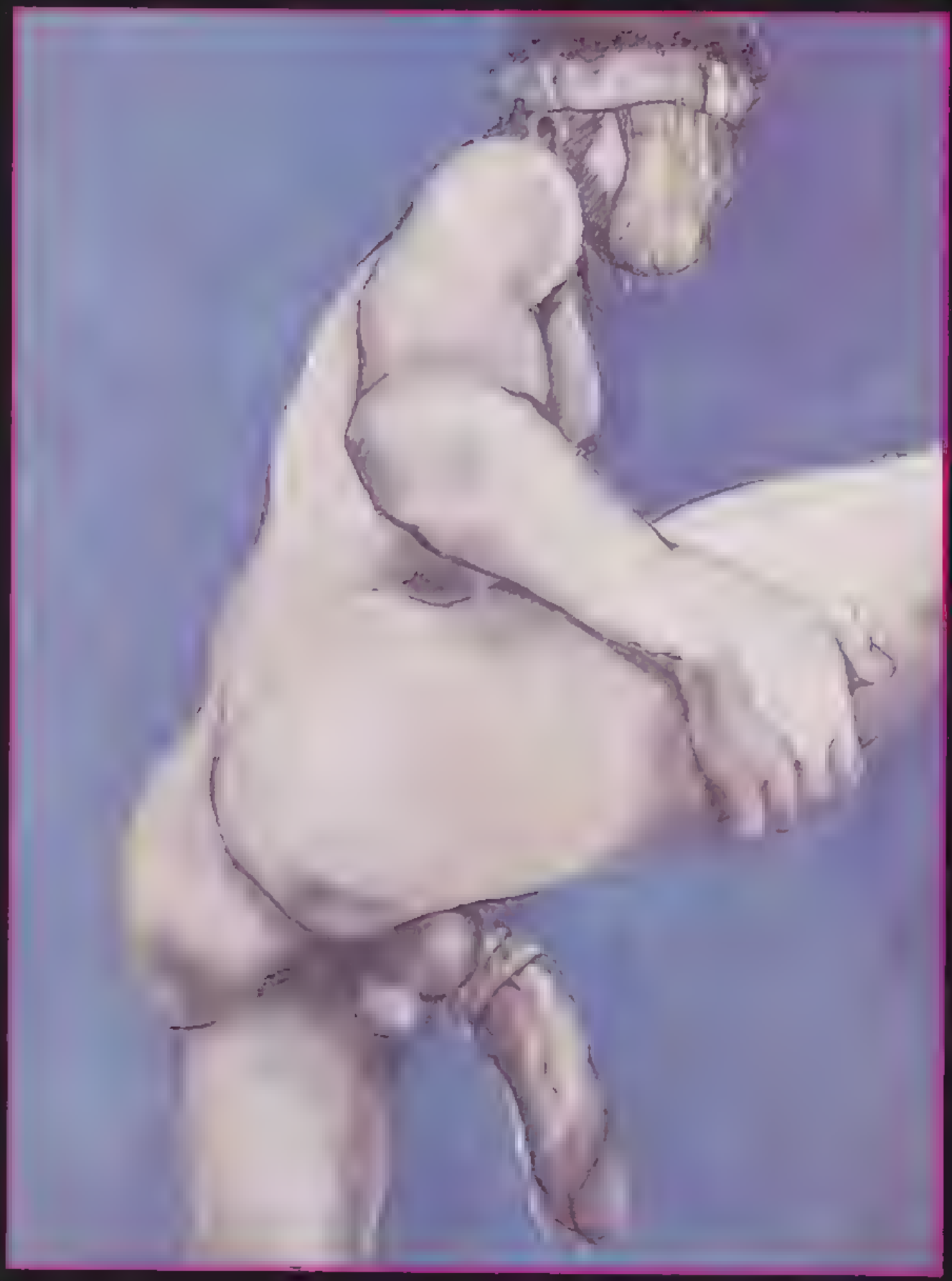

THE POSSESSION

by Robert Devaney • Art by Mike

You don't look so cocky now, do you? Not the way you did when I first saw you. You knew then how much I wanted you. You could see it on my face. You probably laughed when I turned around and came back for another look at you. You thought you could taunt me all you wanted and I couldn't touch you. You thought you were safe, didn't you?

All right, boy; it's almost time. You'd better get used to the idea, because whether you like it or not I'm going to have you. You're mine now. I can do anything I want to you and there's nothing you can do to stop me. Because I own you.

Sanders takes another deep drag of the fine smoke, and as he holds it deep in his lungs his eyes rove with sublime pleasure across the young man's handsome face. He chuckles softly and lets the smoke curl free.

You don't look quite so cocky now, do you? Not the way you did on Monday, when you first caught my eye. You knew then how much I wanted you. You could see it on my face. You probably laughed when I turned around and came back for another look at you. You thought you could taunt me all you wanted and I couldn't touch you. You thought you were safe, didn't you?

Sanders draws again on the joint. It's almost to the roach and he's feeling calm and sure of himself, the way he always feels when the high starts to kick in. This is special smoke, the kind he allows himself the luxury of having only on the weekend, when there's no job to worry about going to the next morning and he can indulge himself completely in all his secret pleasures. Lying naked on his bed, he feels the first stirrings between his legs. His cock is starting to twitch and slowly uncurl with anticipation, but he keeps his hand from touching it. He's done all this before and he knows there's no rush. He has all night. The boy isn't going anywhere.

You didn't think your master would sell you so easily, did you? And so cheaply, too!

Sanders taunts the young man with a harsh, mocking laugh as the smoke works its way through his body, relaxing and exciting him at the same time. His penis is steadily rising toward his navel from the tangled nest of hair in his groin, but still he resists the temptation to grasp it. He's waited five days for this night and has spent the past hour making all the preparations. He knows it would be foolish to rush now.

Four ninety-five, that's all you cost. Less than five dollars, and your master was glad to sell you to me. He even threw in a free brown paper bag to hide you, so I could bring you home without anyone on the street or in this building knowing that I'd bought you. Mustn't have that. Mustn't let anyone know about you — or any of the others I've brought up here. It wouldn't be respectable. Wouldn't suit my image. Wouldn't do. No. Not at all. That's why you had to stay in the bag until now. Until it could be just you and me. Alone together. Like this.

Sanders drops the last bit of roach into the ashtray and turns on his side to confront the handsome face on the magazine cover. His cock is swollen stiff, and it jumps as he licks his lips in anticipation of what will follow. He sighs.

So beautiful! So goddamn beautiful!

Sanders wants to cherish every moment of this possession. His heart pounds as he imagines how the boy will look undressed. He hopes the crotch will be hairy and the penis uncut, because that is Sanders' personal preference. But he knows it won't really matter. The face is what's most important to him, and this one is stunningly beautiful. Even more so than all the others with whom he's performed this ritual in the past. The eyes, the nose, the lips... utter perfection. He's in his late teens or early twenties, and he has an unspoiled handsomeness that makes Sanders' heart ache with desire and, at the same time, with a deep-rooted resentment.

What makes it so painful for Sanders is knowing that the boy is real. He exists somewhere in the flesh, not just in a slick photograph on a magazine cover. That golden skin feels warm to the touch of someone's hand and those lips will part in a soft kiss against someone's mouth. But whose hand? Whose mouth? Sanders knows it will never be his, and he reproaches the boy for that.

You wouldn't look at me twice if we passed on the street, would you? You think you're better than I am, just because you're so goddamn gorgeous. Even though you don't know a thing about me. You don't know who I am or what kind of beauty I might have inside of me. You just look at the shell, and because it's not as perfect as the one you wear, you think I'm not worth the time of day. Don't deny it! I know better. I've seen your kind before and I know how cruel you can be. Standing together in little packs in the bars or on the beach. You think you own the world, don't you? You think the sun rises just to shine on your beauty, and all the rest of us should lower our heads in adoration when you pass by. Well, you're wrong! There's more to me than you can see, my fine handsome friend. You'll never give me the chance to prove it, but I could love you like you've never imagined love could be. You're just too damn vain and self-centered.

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Sanders' fingers have squeezed into a fist so tight that he winces from the pain of his nails digging into his palms. He knows he must stop this line of thought immediately. His erection has already begun to shrivel because of the anger surging through him. The smoke has allowed reality to intrude, the reality of memories, of all the rejections he's suffered from young men just like the one who lies beside him now on the magazine cover. This isn't what he'd planned. He has to get a grip on himself, get back the control that reality has taken from him.

He opens the magazine and quickly thumbs to the start of the centerfold section. The model is lounging against a brick wall, fully clothed, his hands on his hips and his pelvis thrust invitingly forward, as though daring Sanders to step up to him. Sanders smiles, laughs. His fingers stray toward his crotch.

Look at you. Standing there teasing me. Button on your fly open like you didn't know. Thinking I can't touch you. Thinking I wouldn't dare touch you.

He wets his lips and turns the page. The top of the boy's jeans are parted now, showing the white of his cotton briefs and, just above the elastic waistband, a trace of dark, curly pubic hair. Sanders curls his fingers around his penis and squeezes. Instantly, his flesh stiffens and begs to be stroked. Still he resists, waits. For now he will just hold it. Real tight.

You're hairy down there, aren't you? You know that's what I like, and you're giving me a peek at it, just a peek. You think it's safe to keep on teasing me. But you're wrong. You've forgotten one thing. I own you now. Your master at the newsstand can't protect you any more. He's sold you to me for less than five dollars, and I can do anything I want to you.

Sanders laughs out loud.

That's a pretty cheap price for someone like you, isn't it? I'll bet you thought you were worth a lot more than that. Mister Stuck-up! But you're bought and paid for, and I want to see all you got. So show it to me! Now!

Sanders turns his attention to the right-hand page and beams with approval. The boy has dropped his jeans and undershorts to his knees, fully exposing his dense thicket of dark pubic hair and the fat length of cock hanging soft below it.

Good boy. You're doing just what you're told. That's nice. We're going to get along fine, you and me, as long as you obey. And who knows? You might even like what I'm going to do to you. It doesn't really matter though, because you can't stop me. You know that now, don't you? It's finally starting to sink in that you're helpless. I'm the one in control. Feels funny, doesn't it? You're not used to having someone else give the orders.

He lifts the magazine from the bed and brings it close to his face. He studies every feature and every contour of the boy's crotch. The sharp-focus photograph reveals with crystal clarity the thin blue-red veins running the length of the boy's penis and the tangled hairs at its base. Sanders licks his dry lips and moves his fingers ever so slowly on his own cock. After a few moments he puts down the magazine to turn another page.

I want to see it hard *now. Get it up for me. Show me that beautiful thing big and stiff, pointing right at me.*

Sanders tightens his jaw in quick anger. The boy has taken off his jeans and undershorts, but his penis is only semi-erect. His legs are spread wide as though in mocking invitation.

So you think you're still in control, do you? Well, we'll just see about that. I said I wanted your dick hard, *and by damn you're going to* get *it hard, whether you want to or not!*

Sanders' heart begins to pound with mounting excitement as he gets up. Across the room, everything is ready. Propped up in Sanders' lounge chair is a makeshift dummy—loose pillows and old towels stuffed into a pair of faded denim jeans and a red plaid workshirt. Sanders moves toward the dummy with the magazine and sinks to his knees in front of it. He props the model's picture just above the beltline of the worn jeans and burrows his face between the parted thighs. The pungent aroma of his own body lingers in the cloth. Sanders inhales it deeply. His lips press against a hardness just to the left of the button fly. His eyes glance up at the boy's face and he laughs.

No! I'm not *going to stop! If I want to nuzzle your crotch, I'll* do *it! You can't stop me.*

His tongue slides out and starts to lick the solid bulge pressing against the inside of the jeans. His nostrils flare slightly at the unmistakable scent of cock coming through the denim. He's worn these jeans often and purposely never washed them.

See? You're getting hard already! It's no use trying to push me away, because your dick is mine *now. And I want it hard!*

Sanders reaches up and flips the page of the magazine. He gasps in surprise. There it is! The cock! The cock and the balls and that incredibly dense jungle of hair in larger-than-life detail right before his eyes! He sighs in humble adoration as his own penis jerks fitfully back and forth against his lower belly.

Beautiful! God, it's so beautiful! It's everything I hoped it would be! I've got to have it! I've got to taste it!

His fingers fumble clumsily at the buttons holding closed the pillow-stuffed jeans. Underneath is a pair of white jockey shorts—just like the boy's—and hidden inside them is a stiff but flexible dildo made of smooth, skin-like latex. Sanders' eyes are on the glorious, full-color beauty of the boy's penis as he pulls the dildo through the fly of the underpants and bends his mouth toward it.

That's a pretty cheap price for someone like you, isn't it? I'll bet you thought you were worth a lot more than that, Mister Stuck-up! But you're bought and paid for, and I want to see all you got. So show it to me! Now!

Won't do you any good to try and stop me. You can't *reject me! I'm going to suck you whether you like it or not! This gorgeous cock belongs to* me!

Sanders' tongue touches the root of the dildo and makes a quick lick up its length. In his grass-enhanced high, he can feel the cock pulsing back at him. He licks again, up the other side of the shaft, nearer to the flared head.

His lips part and he sucks ever-so-quickly on the tip—just long enough to get the full, spongy taste of it in his mouth and make it wet—then pulls away.

You liked that, didn't you? Let me hear you say it. I want you to tell me to suck it some more. Come on, say it. Say it! Yeah, yeah, that's better. That's more like it. You're not so proud now, are you? Just look at you. Your cock's begging *my mouth to suck it again. All of a sudden you don't care* who *I am or* what *I look like, as long as I give you what you need, huh? Well, I've got news for you. I'm going to get what I need, too. You're going to learn what it means to want something so bad that you're almost willing to die for it. Before you get what you want, you're going to know how I feel, and then maybe you won't be so high-and-mighty anymore. You'll know what it's like to have to* beg *for what you want.*

Heat is spreading through Sanders' body and his breath is coming faster. He reaches for a jar of cold cream on the table and dips his fingers into it, then grasps his swollen penis and coats it with the slippery ointment. His hand moves slowly up and down as he moves back to the chair.

He turns one more page of the magazine and spreads the centerfold open above him. It's even more than he hoped for. The boy is sitting on a low wooden fence, with his legs spread wide apart and his gloriously erect penis pointing straight at Sanders' face. Every detail of the swollen cockhead and the dilated slit at its very tip is visible. Sanders can even see a drop of clear liquid glistening between the open lips of the cockhole. He bends his head and touches the tip of his tongue to the dildo. A salty-sweet taste spreads through his mouth. He shivers with excitement and sucks deeply.

The boy's cock is bigger than the dildo, but in Sanders' mind they are the same size and he is comfortably taking it all. Feasting on it, gorging on it. With each downward thrust, he burrows the end of his nose into the white cotton jockeys, but the feeling he imagines is that of coarse, dark pubic hair, the lush jungle of manhood he can see right before his eyes when he glances up. The latex has lost its rubbery taste, the only taste in Sanders' mouth is that of young cockflesh. His hand moves urgently up and down on his own erection as he continues to suck. His tongue traces every vein on the boy's solid shaft as it goes in and out of his mouth. He hears whimpering from far above his head: the boy is making helpless little love sounds, pleasure sounds, as Sanders continues to blow him.

Sanders senses the boy's urgency. He clutches the jeans beside him with his free hand, and he feels not a pillow stuffing but the solidity of a young man's thigh tensing toward orgasm. Sanders pulls his mouth off the cock and gasps for breath. It seems he has been sucking for hours without coming up for air. His chin is covered with drool. The boy's eyes plead with him to finish the job. The boy's belly is heaving. The boy's legs are straining with the tension of near-ejaculation.

Not yet! I'm not done with you yet. I'll fix you so you can't *shoot until I'm ready to let you. Now we'll see how much you can* really *take!*

He laughs, and with his eyes fixed on the boy's tortured face above him, he swallows the full length of dildo cock in a single gulp. The head strikes far back in his throat. Then every nerve in his body begins to tingle and it seems as though the tissues lining his throat have become sponge, living, breathing, organic sponge, holding

squeezing massaging the stiff prick plunging in and out of his mouth, in and out and in and out and

Sanders' hand moves faster and faster on his own cock as he sucks furiously on the latex-dildo-boyflesh He feels the warmth of the boycock thrusting across his lips and tongue but cannot feel it lunging in his throat. His nose burrows deep in the wiry bush before his eyes. He inhales and holds the rich scent of sexual juices dribbling from his mouth He wants the frantic sucking to go on forever

And yet all too soon it's over

The tingling starts in his groin and shoots up his spine to the back of his throat, then explodes inside his head He can hold back no longer, his juices spray across his heaving chest And in that instant—*for* that instant—fantasy and reality merge completely and perfectly He possesses the boy utterly at last As his own fluid shoots out across his body and onto the floor, he tastes the boy's sweet eruptions in his mouth again and again

Slowly the tremors subside. Sanders gasps for air His tongue licks furtively at the rubber cock still in his mouth He is reluctant to give it up, but finally he draws back and surrenders it He rises on unsteady legs and reaches for a towel His eyes travel to the slightly crumpled centerfold and he studies the picture carefully, then laughs as he wipes the strands of semen from his chest and stomach

You know what? Now that it's all said and done, you're really not that hot I don't know what all the fuss was about

He closes the magazine and takes one last look at the boy on the cover The handsome face has changed somehow The cockiness is gone from his eyes. They seem, in fact, to be pleading with Sanders Almost as though the boy knows the fate that lies in store for him

Sanders laughs

Sorry, kid, but in the long run you just weren't that special I'm sure you'll understand it's nothing personal You're probably a nice guy and all, but you're just not what I'm looking for. You know what it's like to have to reject someone because they don't measure up. So no hard feelings huh?

Sanders holds the magazine at his side as he strolls into the kitchen to make a sandwich He opens the refrigerator and takes out a tomato and a fresh head of lettuce and cheese and some ham and a loaf of bread He sets the magazine on the counter, and beside it the sandwich fixings He goes back to the fridge for mayonnaise. He makes the sandwich, sloppily, spattering the magazine with tomato juice and mayonnaise. The boy on the cover is no longer fresh and unspoiled He's soiled and greasy, faded, unappetizing, part of the untidy mess of lettuce scraps and tomato core and mayonnaise on the counter Sanders tidies up the counter tosses the scraps and the magazine into the trash basket under the sink, the one to the right that's lined with the plastic garbage bag, the one he uses for wet garbage.

He eats and is no longer hungry. But he is tired now, sleepy. He returns to the bedroom He can't believe it The boy is still there, slumped in the chair, waiting, his still-erect cock hanging out of his cum-soaked jeans

Jesus, I just can't get rid of you. And you can't get rid of that boner, huh? Can't get it to go down Gotta have more, one more round, huh? Sorry I gotta get some sleep. Maybe after a rest, you won't look so bad Meantime, you just sit there with that pitiful look on your face. You just sit there and stare and beg with you're eyes—because you don't dare to beg with your mouth Because you don't dare to risk the rejection.

I understand Night ■

Down Boy!

This stud's pal is getting too frisky.

Section photographed by Le Salon

There's only one thing to do when he gets this playful.

He's been a good boy. It's time to give him a treat.

He knows how to take care of his man.

Cave DWELLERS

The air in the forest was thick and hot; it clung to Pol's naked flesh like a second skin. He knew where the stream was but felt like he should have been there sooner. Then he passed several trees with marks left in them by his own knife and knew he was getting closer. It would be good to shed his loincloth and jump into the cold stream and stand naked amidst the rushing waters.

With his keen sense of hearing, he became aware of the sounds of the river. He was close now. He began to trot down the slope of the hill, through the trees and undergrowth, the mossy soil soft beneath his feet.

Stumbling into the small clearing at the side of the stream, he suddenly saw a man in the river. The man's back was to Pol, so he hadn't seen Pol approach.

Pol stepped back behind a tree and observed the man. He was tall, perhaps as tall as Pol himself. He had yellow hair (Pol's was black) and when the man turned, Pol was amazed to see a grown man with almost no body hair. To Pol, the man looked like an oversized child. All the men in Pol's tribe developed body hair soon after reaching manhood, and while some grew less hair than others, a furry chest was the sign of masculine virility.

Seeing the yellow-haired man bathing in the water, Pol thought of a woman without breasts and was convinced that he could easily defeat the man in battle. He stepped into the clearing to let the man see him.

When their eyes met, Pol was astonished that the man showed no fear. Even though Pol was really very gentle, his powerful frame always impressed other men. This man should be fleeing in fear for his life, but instead he was smiling and raising his hand in a friendly greeting. Pol wondered if it was some sort of trick.

The man called out to him, but the language was strange and Pol could make no sense of it. He walked up to the rocky edge of the river, cautiously looking in every direction for others—for surely no man would come alone to a strange land. Then it occurred to Pol that he was alone and that this land was far from his own.

Having assured himself that there were no others, Pol looked again at the man in the river, who was still chattering in his native tongue. Pol shrugged his shoulders to indicate that he didn't understand. The

Continued to page 58

Tom of Finland

Two new books of illustrations from that erotic artist *extraordinaire* Tom of Finland are now available just in time for holiday giving. Both books are filled with the unmistakable men drawn by Tom's talented hand; they're big, they're burly, they're muscular, and they're hung like horses! *Blacks* is crammed with page-after-page of sexy, stunning black men, including some new drawings made especially for this book. *Kake: Pants Down Sailor* follows the adventures of Kake on board a Navy ship, where a horny, black sailor wildly enjoys all of Kake's many charms. This book also includes an additional eight pages of goodies from Tom's archives. Both books cost $10 (plus $2 for first-class postage and handling). They may be ordered from Tom of Finland, PO Box 26716, Los Angeles, CA 90026. Specify which book you are ordering. *Blacks* is T56 and *Kake: Pants Down Sailor* is T57. If you'd like to see some of Tom's other offerings, send $3 for a catalog.

EXTRA

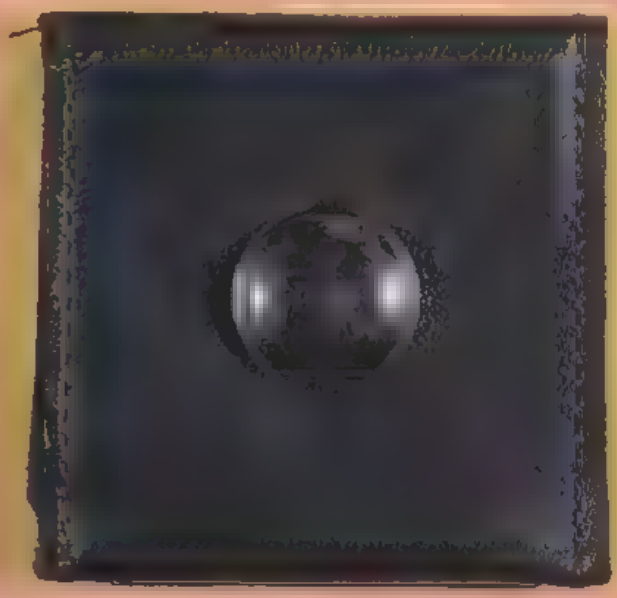
Fasten Your Safety Belt!

Safe sex used to be equated with boring sex. Now we all know what a little imagination can do to make things sexy and healthy. But if you're one of those people who've always felt a little funny about condoms, there's a new product you should know about. "The Safety Belt" will not only help you keep your sheath in place, it will also make you feel pretty sexy to boot. The Safety Belt is a G-string that holds a condom. It is comfortable enough to be worn at all times, and the adjustable elastic ring facilitates the wearing of a condom. "A woman can go to bed wearing a sexy negligee, but it's time a man had a new way of 'dressing for bed,' " said Debra Cohen, president of Romantic Ware, the company which makes the belts. "The Safety Belt is a fun item, but it has serious overtones as we are living in a time when all men must be cautious, both for themselves and their lovers." The Safety Belt costs $19.95, comes in small, medium, and large, and can be ordered from

Romantic Ware, Suite 136, 217 East 85th Street, NY, NY 10028. (Be sure to include $3 for postage and handling.)

CONDOM SENSE

The leather community has been quick to respond to our current health crisis and one man in Vancouver has come up with an idea that's unique and worthwhile. Mack MacKinnon of Mack's Leathers (5606 Rhodes Street, Vancouver B.C. V5R 3N9, Canada) is now offering condom cases specifically suited to leather enthusiasts. The three-inch square case is designed to be worn on jacket epaulets and belts. MacKinnon hopes the cases help make more men aware of safer sex, improve the image of the leather community, and allow him to get rid of his excess leather scraps. Unlike other people, MacKinnon is not out to make a fast buck on AIDS. He is offering the condom case *free* to anyone who writes to ask for one provided they send him one dollar for mailing costs, and—he hopes but you're not obligated—a donation to the Vancouver PWA Coalition. MacKinnon has donated the materials for the case and PWA's are providing the labor. For your condom case, write directly to Mack's Leathers (see address above), but make your donation payable to the Vancouver PWA Coalition. Way to go, Mac!



WHEN A COWBOY COMES

CK RICARD ◆ PHOT

Cheyenne has always spelled magic for me, so last summer I decided to spend my vacation there. Let me tell you, riding a bus for twenty-four hours wears a man out. When my bus finally pulled into the terminal, at three in the morning, I grabbed my bag, tramped to the nearest motel, checked in, and sacked out.

Later in the morning I moved to the Pioneer Hotel on Broadway, an inexpensive but clean and homey establishment that serves both transients and permanent residents. The large lobby had a couch, a slew of chairs, a shelf of paperbacks, and a TV, and on one wall there was a moosehead the size of Wyoming.

The lobby was where I first saw Billy. It was early evening of my first day in town, and I was watching TV. Billy had just come from work, so his dungarees were grungy, his boots muddy, and his face smudged. He was a rugged-looking man and needed a haircut, and he had a beaten look about him that told you he'd had a hard life.

Soon as he came in, he sidled over to the communal refrigerator, took out a Bud, and snapped it open. Then he stood next to me and sort of stared at the inane TV show I was watching. When he pulled off his grimy T-shirt, I could see right away that he worked outdoors. His body was brown, and it wasn't the kind of brown you get from lounging around a pool. His outdoorsman's tan, his thick muscles, the abundance of hair on his chest, and the elastic of his underwear visible above his dungarees gave my nuts a tingle. He was wearing white cotton jockeys, probably sweaty as hell, I reckoned—and if there's anything that brings me to a boil quicker than white jockey underwear, it's *sweaty* white jockey underwear.

I tried to make conversation, but he didn't seem interested, he just stared at the TV and swigged his beer. As soon as he'd killed it, he went up to his room without a word.

Compared to him, I was just a drugstore cowboy. At least I figured that was what he thought. But I've seen a slew of rough days myself. He didn't know that, though, so what was I to expect besides the cold shoulder?

Cheyenne doesn't have any gay bars, so that night I headed for The Palace, a straight dive down the road a piece. I got there around midnight. The lights were comfortably dimmed, country music was blaring from the juke, and cowboys were dancing with their chicks. I sat at the bar and cruised—cautiously.

Most of the men, including me, were wearing cowboy hats and boots. There were also some airmen, from the Air Force base nearby. Even though men in uniform are a real turn-on for me, tonight was going to be cowboy night, I told myself, patting the rubbers in my shirt pocket. But after too many hours and too many beers, I was about ready to give up on the idea of making it with a cowboy. I sat facing the bar, nursing my Lite, horny and frustrated.

Then Billy turned up all of a sudden. He tapped me on my shoulder and said, "Come on," then headed toward the shithouse. On the way, he told me that there were two strangers out there trying to roll a dude for his pay. Billy had recognized me from the hotel and figured me for the type to come to the aid of a man in trouble. And trouble was what we found. Two grungy fuckers were beating up on a cowboy half their size, trying to rip his money out of his jeans.

Billy grabbed one big son of a bitch and slammed him into a stall with a right hook. I hit into the other one and gave him a left jab in the gut that knocked the wind out of the bastard. Pretty ridiculous situation, I reckon—my first night in town and here I was in a fistfight in a toilet.

When the bouncer came in, Billy explained the situation. The bouncer got rid of the two scoundrels and bought beers for me and Billy. The half-pint cowboy was too shook up to join us, so Billy and me sat alone at a small table on the side.

We guzzled our beers, laughed, and went over every detail of the fight a thousand times. Billy looked lean, mean, and sexy straddling the back of his chair, his cowboy hat tilted and his hair sticking out every which way. And contrary to my first impression, I found him to be friendly and open. More than once my knee brushed against his, and he didn't seem to mind. More than once I put my hand on his knee to make a point, and he didn't seem to mind that either. In fact, he did the same thing. But I wasn't sure if he was testing me, teasing me, or just being friendly.

We walked back to The Pioneer together, and after grabbing a six-pack out of the fridge, he invited me up to his room.

The Pioneer doesn't have air conditioning, and it was a hot night. When we got to his room, Billy unbuckled his belt, unhitched the top of his 501s, and stripped off his shirt. I did the same. He saw me eyeing the top of his skivvies, and I caught him stealing a glimpse of mine. I was glad. I wanted him to know I was interested.

After we snapped open a couple of cans, Billy stretched out against the backboard, and I sat my ass in the chair next to the bed. He told me about Cheyenne and I told him about Florida. Every so often he'd grab at his crotch to make a point, so I started doing the same thing. I had all I could do to keep from hopping in bed with him.

"Don't get laid much around here," he said at one point. "Mostly just jack off a lot."

"A mean-looking dude like you shouldn't have any trouble getting somebody to serve him some head."

He laughed. "I get head. But not very often, that's for fucking sure."

"A hot-to-trot cowboy like you?" I teased.

He blushed a little, laughed again, and got up and went to the john. It was a small room, so the john was only about four feet away, but he didn't close the door. He unbuttoned his jeans and stood there with his back to me so I could get a gander at his white jockies and his Levi's down around his ankles—what a sight! He reached in his fly, and I listened to him pissing out the beer. When he finished, he pulled off his boots and kicked off his denims.

I'd had as many beers as Billy, so I needed a piss myself. Billy laid himself back down on the bed while I took my turn. I didn't close the door either, but I kept my pants on. When I finished, I buttoned my dungarees and went to sit down again.

"Hell, man," Billy said, "it's so fucking hot in here, how the hell can you stand wearing them heavy 501s?"

With that, he went to the window and opened it as wide as he could. I was out of my jeans by the time he returned to the bed.

Looka here, Jack," he said

He reached under the bed and pulled out a porno magazine. I sat next to him on the bed, and he turned the pages. It was straight porno, not something I particularly like—give me two men in bed together or nothing at all—but the pictures turned *Billy* on, and that turned *me* on.

When we got to the pictures of a heavy-hipped chick giving a blow-job to a dark-skinned sailor with a big dong, Billy was amazed the chick could get that dick down her throat. "I wish I could find a cocksucker as good as this cunt," he said.

That was it! I wanted Billy. I was excited and my voice reflected it. "You'd like to have somebody swinging on your hot rod like that?" I said, nodding toward his right hand, which was fondling the bulge in his underwear. Watching Billy rub his dick through his shorts made my dick start to swell.

Billy's eyes were bright. He was horny and interested. "Yeah, man, that would sure as hell cap my night just right. You know any chicks in town?"

I looked him right in the eye and didn't even try to hide my lust. "No, but this here's one hot fuckin' cowboy who'd like nothin' better than to give you a ride."

Billy looked at me questioningly. "You a cocksucker?"

"You bet your fuckin' ass," I said, busting loose completely.

"I ain't never been sucked off by a guy."

"Then you ain't never been sucked off."

Billy laughed, tilted his cowboy hat, and declared, 'Go to it dude. If that's what you want, you got it."

Billy spread his legs, and I got on my knees between them and started rubbing my hand over the bulge in his shorts. His cock was hot, literally.

"That feels fuckin' good, buddy," he said, twisting his ass to the rhythm of my touch. "I get hard fast."

He didn't have to tell me that. I put my hand through his fly and felt the base of his shaft—it was like iron. I worked my fist up the length of it and rubbed a finger around his piss hole. Then I stretched the fly and pulled on his dick until it popped out. It snapped to attention outside his shorts.

The elastic of his underwear stretching around his waist and that gorgeous piece of cut meat sticking out of the fly of his skivvies were more than I could resist. I grabbed his rod like it was Sunday dinner and I hadn't eat since Thursday. With my feet on the floor and my dick rubbing hard against the edge of the bed, I spit on my hand, then returned it to his cock and started sliding it up and down. When I looked up at Billy in his cowboy hat, it was obvious he was enjoying my hand on his privates. He smiled and licked his chops.

With my other hand, I brought his nuts out to play. What a pair of balls! The size of Texas! I released his dick and started licking the hair on his nuts. Then I slurped those beauties whole, burying my face in his crotch.

"Man, you love a man's balls, don't you, Jack? No chick ever went wild for my nuts the way you do." He ran his fingers through my hair. "Eat 'em, babe. They're your midnight snack. Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah, lick 'em clean. Them nuts had a rough day."

He took hold of his rod and began to whip it off. With my mouth buried in his nuts and my hands underneath him squeezing his cotton-covered ass and my dick rock-hard in my jockeys and rubbing against the bed, I had all I could do to keep from shooting my load. So for a minute I backed off just to watch my cowboy, with his eyes half-closed, stroking his dick and rocking his ass. But I couldn't back off for long. I bent over his cock again, and he swirled it around my eyes, my cheeks, my hair, all over my face, my neck, my chest.

"Play with my nuts, cowboy," he said. "Do it. Yeah, do it, Jack. You know what I like."

I did. I cupped his balls in one hand and, with the other hand, reached back into his shorts and pressed my palm against his bare ass, all the time fucking the mattress with my dick.

"You wanna see me squirt, buddy?" Billy was panting. His voice was harsh. He was ready.

I answered him by squeezing his nuts and right away they released a thick spurt of cum that shot out of his dick and hit my cheek. I moved up and rubbed my chest around his dickhead, and it spit its juices all over me. I played with his balls and his ass, and he grabbed my hair and pushed my head down and rubbed my face all over his dickhead. He came and came and came.

We slept naked in each other's arms that night—didn't even bother to wash up. Just before he fell asleep, Billy said, "Your fucking mouth washing my nuts was a treat for all time, buddy. I'll never forget it. The best motherfuckin' ball-lickin' I ever had. But you didn't blow me yet."

"The night's not over yet," I told him.

But for the time being we were both beat. The last thing I heard Billy say before he drifted off was, "I wanna stick this cowboy's cock up your ass." Then he fell asleep, and right after that, so did I.

When I woke up, I was a little hung over but horny as hell. Dawn was just starting to break. I felt a hard dick rubbing against my thigh, pushing toward my crack. I saw that smile on Billy's face. I returned it. ■

CAVE DWELLERS

Continued from page 50

man fell silent for a moment, then pointed at his own chest and said, "Charel." He repeated the word and Pol realized that the man was giving his name.

Up close, Pol could see that the man was definitely not a child, his body was strongly built, and his mantool left no doubt about his masculinity. Even in the cold waters, it hung low, whereas Pol's always shriveled up in the cold. Pol judged that the man was close to his own age, which his mother had told him now measured into twenty-three summers.

"Charel," the man repeated, then pointed toward Pol and shrugged his shoulders questioningly.

Pol didn't know why, but he liked Charel, perhaps it was his smile, his friendliness, or perhaps it was his body, which Pol found to be among the prettiest he had ever seen—for a man. He pointed at his chest and replied, "Pol."

Charel, still smiling, backed out of the water and onto the rocky bank with his hands held high in a sign of defenselessness. When he reached for his sword, Pol quickly withdrew his own. But Charel, holding his sword by the blade with both hands, lifted it high into the air, then lowered it with the hilt pointing toward Pol. The gesture was obvious. Charel wanted peace between them.

Pol imitated Charel's ritual with his own sword, then flung it to the ground. Charel lowered his weapon and placed it on top of his clothing and his few possessions, then waded back into the river and gestured for Pol to join him.

The sight of the naked bronzed body wading into the stream had a curious effect on Pol, and he hesitated before removing the wolfskin loincloth that was his only piece of clothing. He again glanced around, then slowly stepped into the cold water. He splashed himself to rinse the sweat from his body and waded closer to the stranger. When they were within touching distance, Pol was able to see that Charel did have some body hair, but it was almost white and very sparse.

The two men bathed, then began playfully to splash each other. Pol wished that they spoke the same language so he could learn more about his new friend, but for now he contented himself with simply enjoying the fun of having a playmate.

Eventually, they tired of their water games and each returned to his separate river bank. Pol watched as Charel picked up his possessions and waded across the river to join him. They sat facing each other for a while, unable to communicate beyond their smiles.

When the light began to fade, Charel stood up and motioned for Pol to follow. He led Pol into the woods and up a hill. Both men were naked, for neither had bothered to put their loincloths back on.

Pol found himself enjoying the sight of Charel's shapely backside, as the golden man moved gracefully through the bushes in front of him. Charel was more slender than Pol, and that made him look taller. Pol didn't understand why he took so much pleasure in looking at Charel's naked, hairless body. But he did. And Pol was not a man to question a fact.

Near the top of the hill, Charel approached a large bush and moved it aside to reveal a small cave. He turned and smiled at Pol, then led the way inside. When Charel knelt down on his hands and knees to crawl into the carved-out rock, Pol suddenly discovered that his mantool was tingling and that his head felt light. He knew it was sexual desire, but he didn't understand how Charel could be the source of it.

The cave wasn't big enough to stand in, but they were able to sit without touching the ceiling. Charel had covered the floor with soft leaves and two large animal pelts to serve as his bed. Outside, it would still be light for awhile, but inside the grotto the two men were barely able to see each other.

They sat facing each other, legs crossed, elbows on their knees. Charel tried again to communicate with the words of his own language, but they made no sense to Pol. It was nice, however, to hear Charel's voice. It had a musical sound.

With a gesture that indicated no threat, Charel leaned closer to Pol and slowly reached out his hand toward Pol's chest. Pol drew back, then slowly leaned forward again to allow Charel to touch the fur covering his body.

Charel, flat-palmed, stroked Pol's chest hair, as though he had never seen a hairy man before. They smiled at each other and Charel began to laugh, which caused Pol to laugh. They didn't know what they were laughing at, but they couldn't stop, and soon they were rolling around on the animal pelts, their bodies frequently touching, their hands occasionally lingering. Soon, Pol's mantool was erect, and he noticed that Charel's was as well. Charel's was definitely larger than Pol's, and it occurred to Pol that he felt like touching the other man's organ. No sooner had the thought entered his mind than he felt Charel's hand at his groin. It was a quick move, and the hand was pulled away almost instantly, but Pol felt sure that the touch had not been accidental.

Their laughter subsided and they sat next to each other, breathing hard, gasping for air. Charel put an arm around Pol's shoulder, and Pol felt the moisture from Charel's armpit on his back. For some reason, it excited him and he turned to look at his new friend. Very little light filtered into the cave now and Charel's features were almost indistinguishable, except for the ever-present smile.

Pol could resist no longer. He gently ran a hand over one of Charel's thighs and slowly worked his way toward Charel's tool, expecting to be stopped at any moment. But there was no resistance. Finally he felt the enlarged shaft against his hand. He hesitated, then wrapped his hand tightly around it.

Charel pulled on Pol's shoulder, and Pol leaned backward. The two of them lay side by side on the animal skins, and Charel began to caress Pol's hairy body, down his sides to his legs, inside his thighs, and finally all the way to Pol's throbbing shaft.

When Charel turned and bent his head downward, Pol couldn't imagine what his yellow-haired friend had in mind. So he lay still and waited, knowing only that what they were doing felt too good to stop.

Countless times during the past eleven years since reaching manhood, Pol had gripped his own mantool and stroked it until he became light-headed and felt his body contract as a thick liquid shot forth from the tip. He had taken a woman once, but since they weren't married his act had been unlawful, and his fellow tribesmen had sent him away. That was seven summers ago, and he had not been back to his home since that time.

He had looked for a wife everywhere, but had never found a woman who pleased him. It had never occurred to him that he might find his pleasure with a man. In fact, until he had seen Charel in the nude, he had never seen a man that he considered beautiful. Charel was soft and smooth, like a woman, but he was strong and muscular and very manly, and his mantool was so exciting to hold!

And now Charel was leaning into Pol's midsection, and Pol was breathless with anticipation. Suddenly Pol's mantool felt wet, and he knew it wasn't from his own liquid. In the last of the light, he could see Charel's head on top of his tool, and then he knew that Charel's mouth was wrapped around it.

The sensation reminded him of the one time he had been with a woman, and yet this was definitely better—perhaps because he liked this man better than he had ever liked anyone in his entire life, except possibly his mother.

He wondered if Charel truly enjoyed sucking on his tool the way a baby sucks on a mother's breast. Then he wondered whether or not a mother got as much pleasure from her baby as he was getting from Charel. He quickly chased the idea

from his mind and allowed his entire body to become involved in the sensations he was experiencing. Charel used the pressure of his lips to glide the skin back and forth over the tip of Pol's tool. Suddenly Pol became afraid that his juices would shoot into Charel's mouth. He didn't want his new friend to be offended, so he reached down and pulled Charel's head away. With his hands clasped around Charel's neck, he brought his friend's body upward and on top of him.

For a while they lay like that, with Charel's body writing atop Pol's, their mantools rubbing against each other and generating an almost unbearably pleasurable heat. But Pol wanted to grip Charel's tool in his hand again. He nudged Charel and rolled him off to his side.

Pol was frustrated by their inability to communicate. He wanted desperately to tell Charel how good his caresses felt and how much he had grown to like him. He decided to *show* him, by making Charel feel as good as Pol had been made to feel.

Charel was now lying flat on his back, his shoulder and arm touching Pol's. Pol twisted his body around so that his head was facing Charel's tool and Charel's head was facing Pol's. While he stroked his friend's shaft, and felt his own being stroked, Pol wondered what it might be like to do as Charel had done.

He leaned forward and smelled the tangy aroma of his friend's manhood. Uncertain of what to expect, he stuck out his tongue. He was amazed at the softness of the flesh covering the hard shaft. He decided that it might be nice to take Charel into his mouth and, with his hands, enjoy the smoothness of Charel's hairless body. Cautiously, he opened his mouth and leaned forward, opening wider to get the whole thing in.

He felt Charel moving closer, and soon they were sucking each other. Pol could not imagine a more intense pleasure. They had shifted their bodies and were lying on their sides, and Pol was ecstatic at the feel of Charel's wonderfully soft backside. The two mounds of flesh were firm yet smooth and moved in rhythm with the pumping of his tool. Charel was busily feeling Pol's backside at the same time, and it seemed to Pol that this was the perfect way to enjoy the sexual experience.

Once again, he knew he would be unable to hold back if Charel continued to suck on him, but this time when he tried to push him away, Charel resisted his nudges. And then it was too late. Pol exploded in Charel's mouth.

Instead of pulling away, Charel swallowed the juices as fast as they shot from Pol's shaft. Pol sucked even harder on Charel's shaft, and soon Charel was shooting. His juices tasted unlike anything Pol had ever known, like a mixture of honey and salt.

Pol had heard of men who cut their fingers and intermingle their blood, but now he knew that exchanging sexual juices was a far stronger bond. Even after they had finished their exchange, Pol continued to suck on his friend's tool, hoping to taste more of that delicious mixture of spices which only a man can generate.

Whenever Pol had stroked his own tool to eruption, it had gone soft shortly after. But with Charel's mouth still wrapped around it, it remained rigid and firm, the same was true of Charel's tool. For a long time they remained locked in their bond of friendship. Pol was disappointed when Charel pulled his mouth away. He had hoped they would stay like that all night long. But he became curious again as Charel began to reposition himself.

This time when the yellow-haired youth crawled on top of him, he sat upright, the mounds of Charel's backside directly over Pol's rocks, his knees straddling Pol's sides. Their rigid tools played with each other, and Charel's hands pinched Pol's tits again and again until they became very hard.

Pol heard Charel spit into his hand, then felt the spit being applied to the tip of his tool. He waited for Charel to begin stroking it, but when his friend lifted up slightly, all of a sudden Pol knew what Charel was doing: he was guiding Pol's mantool into the hole through which a man's wastes pass. It amazed Pol that Charel should want to do such a thing, but as his tool glided into the hole, Pol became convinced that Charel knew what he was doing.

The fit was tighter than with a woman. At first it was almost *too* tight, and Pol wasn't sure that he was enjoying it, but once he became accustomed to the tight fit, it was wondrous. He felt his tool throbbing deep inside the moist interior of Charel's body and he again thought of those silly men who did no more than cut their thumbs and press them together.

Charel began to lift and lower his body, slowly at first, then with greater speed, and Pol again remembered the time he had been with a woman. She had been lying down and Pol, on top, had done the thrusting and withdrawing.

As Charel gained momentum, Pol discovered that he was enjoying this part of their games even more than he had enjoyed the sucking part. He began to thrust each time Charel moved upward, and to relax when he moved downward. Charel leaned forward a little and began to rub Pol's chest and pinch his tits. Pol reached down toward where his own mantool would be and found Charel's. It was hard and excited, and the skin was drawn back away from the tip. Pol wished he could suck on it again while his own tool was racing toward another eruption inside his friend's hole.

As the moment approached, he reached up and pinched Charel's tits. When his juices shot into Charel's hole, his body jerked forward and he wrapped his arms around his friend and clutched at the smooth muscles of his back and shoulders.

Even after the moment was over, Pol wanted to continue holding on. But Charel knew it was over, and he pulled away and lay on top of Pol again. Their mouths touched and Charel managed to surprise Pol again. This time when they kissed, Charel forced his tongue into Pol's mouth. Pol felt dizzy, and at the same time he felt better than he had ever felt before in his entire life.

Charel rolled off and tugged Pol's arm. Pol followed him out of the cave and they emerged into the forest and walked down the hill.

When Pol realized that Charel was taking him to the river, he pulled his hand free of his friend's and returned to the cave to get his sword. He never went anywhere without it, especially not at night. Inside the cave, he thought of taking Charel's weapon with him, but decided that he could protect them both.

By the time he caught up with Charel, the man was already in the river, frolicking

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about like a boy. Pol knew that the waters must be icy, and he shrank from the thought of going into the river at that time of night

Charel waved for him to come in and said something in his native language.

Pol shook his head and shivered. "Cold," he said, trying to make Charel understand. "Cold!" he shouted, and exaggerated his shivering.

Charel waded out of the river and stood before Pol on the bank. "Cold," he echoed, then snuggled up to Pol for warmth.

Pol pointed toward the river and said, "Water. Water cold."

To show that he understood, Charel went back to the stream and cupped a handful of water. "Water?"

Pol nodded his head. "Yes. Water *Cold* water."

They smiled at each other and chanted the words over and over again. Suddenly, Charel threw a handful of water onto Pol and loudly declared, "*Cold* Water!" He laughed loudly and began to heap handful after handful of "cold water" on his friend.

Pol retreated to the edge of the clearing, out of range of the splashing. Then he decided to teach Charel a new word. "Come," he said with a waving of his arm.

Slowly, through motions and gestures, and by repeating a word several times, Pol taught Charel the meaning of several words—*come, go, water, cold, tree, rock, mantool, yes, no,* and *sword*. It was enough for one night, and Pol wasn't sure that Charel would remember all of them. Charel tried to teach Pol a few words of *his* language, but the accent was too difficult, and Charel wasn't really a good teacher. He was a much better student.

The moon had risen high by the time they decided to return to the cave. Pol was delighted to look at Charel's body in the ghostly lunar light, and he would have liked to linger by the river; but he was exhausted, and the thought of going to sleep with Charel's tool in his mouth lured him away.

They got up to leave and Pol reached for his sword. Suddenly he froze. His ears detected a dangerous presence.

"Charel," he whispered, remembering that Charel had no weapon.

He stood up to his full height and, hoping that his voice would convey the presence of danger, he spoke softly, "Charel. Go Water." He pointed toward the river and repeated his words.

For a moment, Charel was confused. When he realized what Pol was telling him, it was too late. At that moment, one of the wolves leapt out from the trees and knocked Charel to the ground. Pol raced to his friend and thrust his sword into the wolf's shoulder. It turned and snarled at Pol, distracting him as another of the pack leapt from a rock and knocked Pol to the ground. Pol swung wildly with his sword and caught the second wolf in the neck, fatally wounding it. He screamed at Charel "Go! River!" and Charel ran for the water.

Charel, flat-palmed, stroked Pol's chest hair as though he had never seen a hairy man before. Soon, Pol's cock was erect, and he noticed that Charel's was as well. Charel's was definitely larger than Pol's, and Pol suddenly wanted to touch the other man's rod. Charel had the same thought and reached out to grasp Pol's hard root.

Two more wolves attacked Pol simultaneously from the front, and he managed to shove his sword deep into the chest of one of them, killing it instantly. While Pol was trying to disengage his sword from the dead wolf, the other sprang for his throat. The fangs came perilously close to finding their target, but Pol jerked his head to the side and threw the wolf off of him, then turned on it with sword swinging. He clipped it on the hind quarter, but at that instant the injured wolf which had attacked Charel attacked Pol's legs.

He managed to bring the sword down against the head of the first wolf and sent it yelping away, but the third wolf, now revived, knocked Pol to his knees and sent the sword flying out of his hand.

Pol scrambled for the sword, but he was afraid it was too late—the wolf would kill him before he found it. But the fatal attack never came. He found the sword, grabbed it, and swung around to meet his attacker. There was no wolf, only Charel standing over him.

He looked around and saw that all the wolves were dead. Near the wolf that had attacked him last, he saw a bloodied stone. Charel had apparently gone to the river, as instructed, but refusing to let his friend fight the battle alone, he had come back with the stone and smashed the head of the last wolf.

Once again, they laughed and clasped each other tightly, and mixed in with the laughter was weeping. When they pulled out of their embrace, Pol noticed that Charel's chest was bloody. He touched the wound delicately: claw marks. He thanked the moon that the wound had not been made by teeth. He had never known any man to survive a wolf's bite. A slow, agonizing death always followed. Suddenly afraid, he checked his own body very carefully. He, too, had suffered claw scratches but no bites. Once again, he looked up at the moon and thanked her. She smiled down at him and Pol was happy.

"Come," he said. "Water."

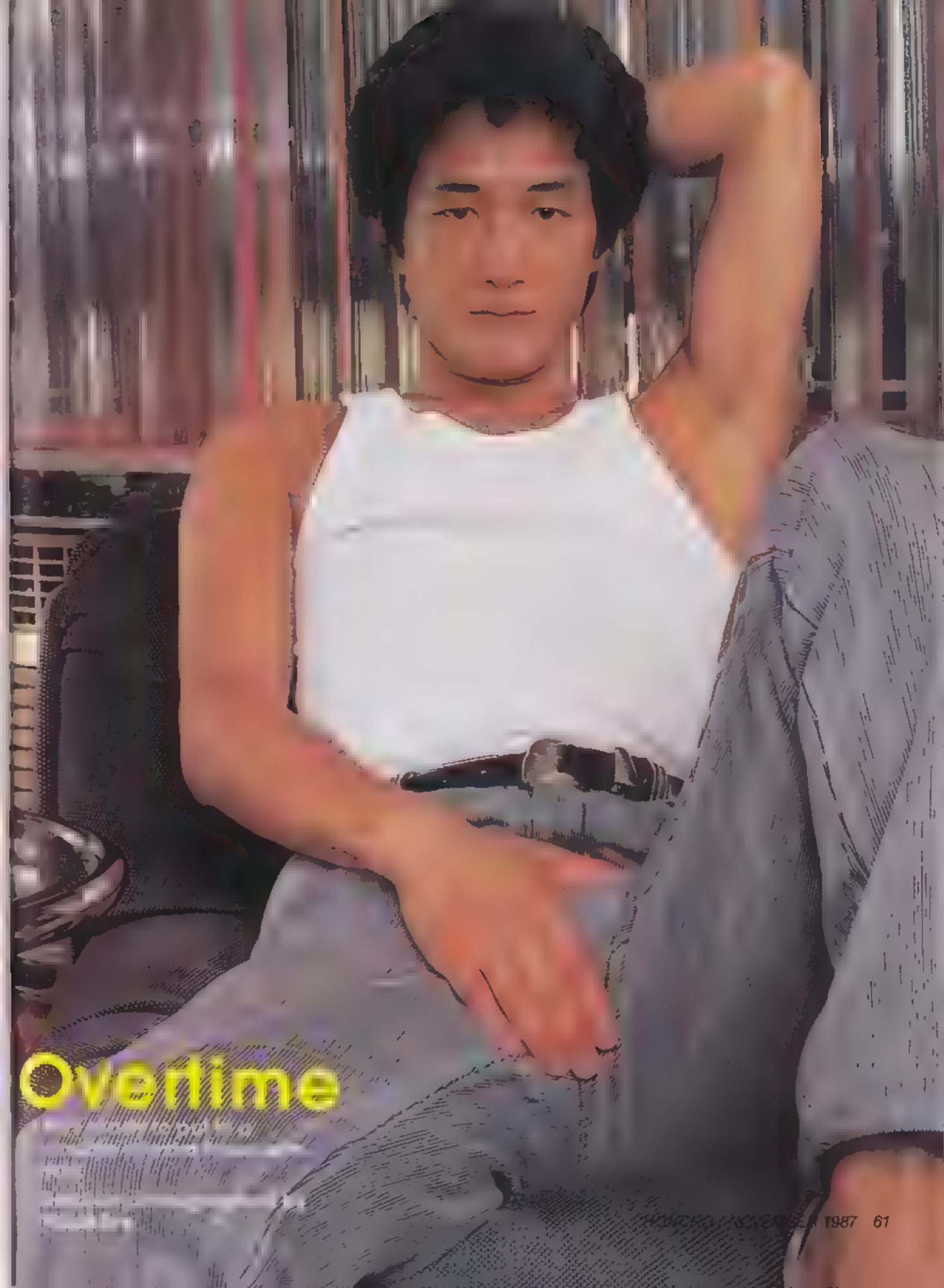
Charel shook his head. "Cold," he said, then smiled broadly.

Pol realized he had been teased. He laughed. "Come."

After rinsing their wounds in the river, they dragged the wolves to the cave and spent the rest of the night skinning and cleaning them. In the light of the dawn, they collected wood for a fire. Pol searched carefully for those particular types of rock which cause sparks, while Charel built the pyre and a rack to roast the meat on. The sun was high in the sky before they were able to taste the fruits of their victory.

When they had eaten their fill, they took the remains deep into the forest and left them for whatever hungry animal might come along. Returning to the mouth of the cave, they took great care to clean the hides carefully and hang them to dry in the sun.

It was nightfall before they had completed their labors, and both men were totally exhausted. They crawled into their cave and lay down on the skins beside each other. They expressed their love by hugging and kissing, and by falling asleep in each other's arms. They had fought bravely for each other. They had spilled blood together and for each other's sake. Now their dreams merged into one dream. And when they woke, the dream had come true. For they were still together ■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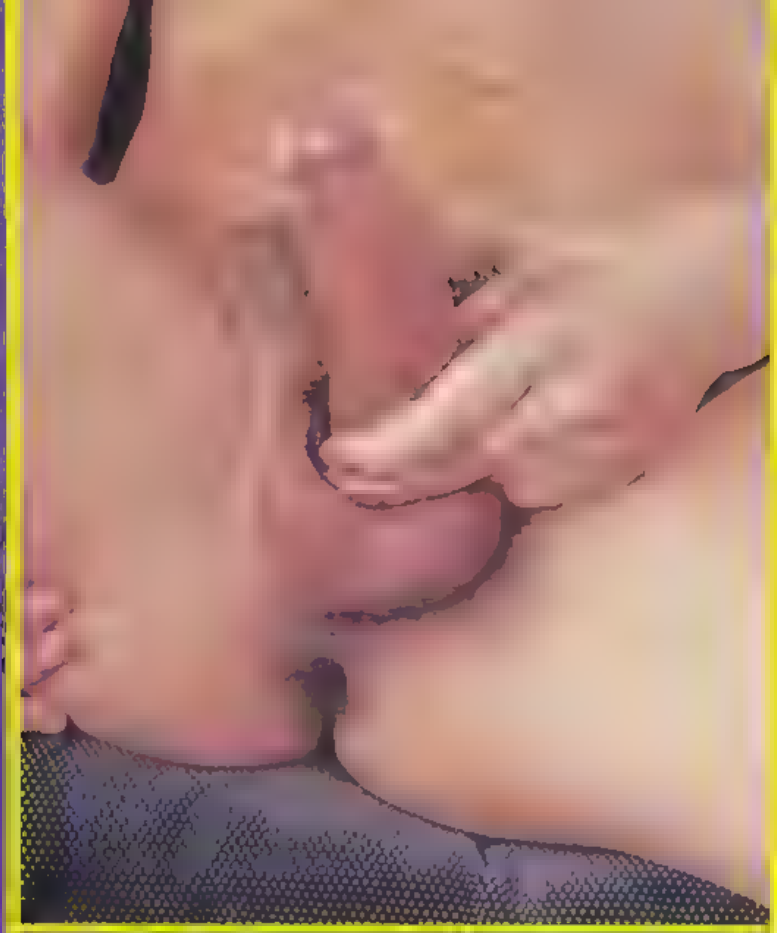

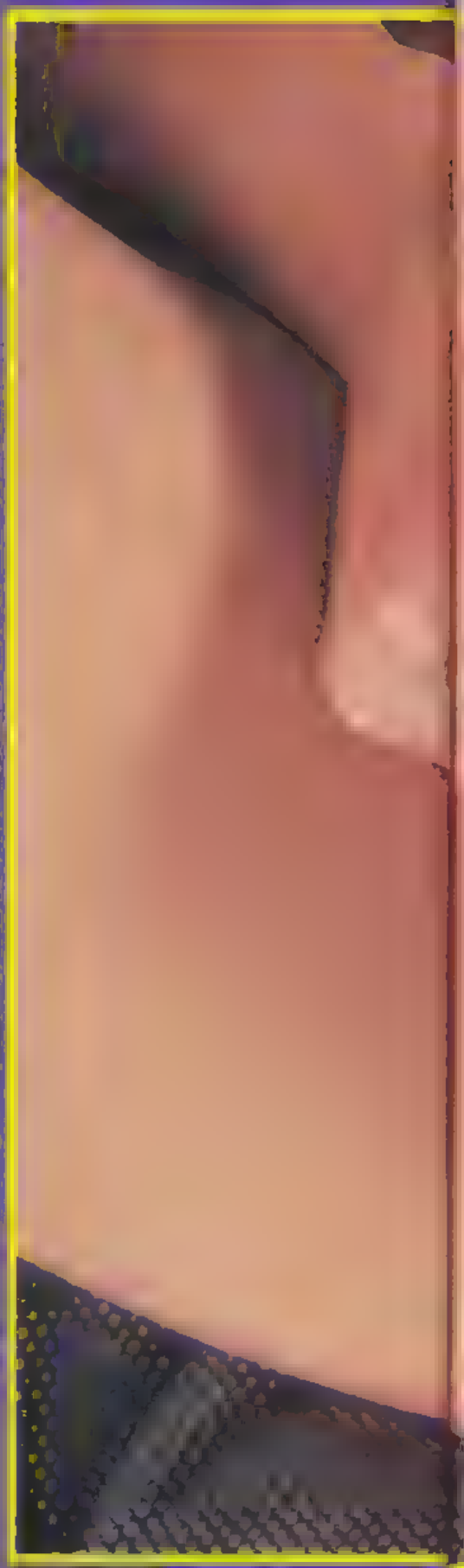

Overtime

Five Years, Eight Inches

Frank and I had been together for five years. Sex was pretty good, if a little too "vanilla" on occasions. Believe it or not, *Honcho* helped put a spark back into our bedroom. Frank had just finished leafing through an issue when this look came across his face. He leered at me and, in a husky, sex-charged voice, said, "Okay, baby, strip. Tonight you're going to do exactly as I say and nothing *but* what I say."

BY CHRISTOPHER SAXON
ART BY AL

Last night when I got home from work I found my lover, Frank, slouched in his big leather chesterfield. Strewn all over the living room carpet were the unopened bills that had come in the mail and, clutched in his hands, was a copy of *Honcho*, which had obviously arrived along with all those bills. There was an exhausted, end-of-the-day look on his face, but as I leaned over to kiss him I noticed a bulge in his suit pants.

"See something you like?" I asked.

"Huh? Oh, well, actually I was reading this story, 'My Lover, My Dog.' Tell me, do you honestly *like* this kind of trash?"

See, I'm the one who buys the porn magazines—Frank usually glances through them once, makes an occasional sarcastic comment, then never touches them again.

"Well? . . . " I started blushing, and I mentally kicked myself for doing so. "It's fun to read about, to fantasize about . . . "

"What about actually doing it?"

"I wouldn't mind," I admitted.

Frank sat there for a moment, staring down at the magazine, then let out a weary sigh. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, a dirty, schoolboy grin began to spread across his face. He looked up at me and, in a husky, sex-charged voice, said, "Okay, little boy, strip."

My heart lept and I instinctively began moving away from our wide-open front window.

"Stop!" It was an order. "Tonight you're going to do exactly as I say and nothing *but* what I say—understand? Otherwise, I'm calling this whole thing off right now."

"But the neighbors—"

"*Fuck* the neighbors. Strip!"

His voice was commanding, abrupt, no-nonsense. I had never heard him use that tone before, not even in anger. My cock responded instantly as I pulled off my leather jacket, kicked off my shoes, and bent down to remove my socks.

"You can leave those on—and your underwear too." This I knew was more for my benefit than his; I've always found white socks sexy and my Calvin Klein underwear showed off my ass to the best possible advantage.

I threw off my shirt, shucked my jeans, and stood before him. His dark-brown eyes inspected every inch of my body, making me surprisingly self-conscious. He took his time before giving me his next order.

"Now, boy, come over here and help me out of *my* clothes and I'll show you what I've got for you."

I went to it, removing his shoes, standing him up so I could get his overcoat and suit jacket off, then untying his tie. I've undressed him on occasion before, but clumsily. This time I did it right, slowly, patiently. As I worked, he began touching me all

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I got under the damn table, Frank spread his legs, and I got to work. First, I licked off the heavy layer of lube he'd used while jerking off; then I started sucking hard and fast. My idea was to bring him off as fast as possible, but he had no intention of coming. Whenever he got too close he'd reach down and hold my head firmly against his belly.

over, running his fingers through my blond hair and down the back of my neck, gently nibbling my tits, putting his arm between my legs and caressing my ass. When he was seated again, and completely nude, we were both sporting full hard-ons.

He flashed me a sweet lover's smile and indicated with a nod that I could get down to business. I knelt between the chair and the footstool, placed his hairy legs on either side of me, and buried my head in his lap. I began sucking in slow-motion, inhaling the heady odor of a crotch that had been confined all day in underwear and a business suit. Frank leaned his head back and adjusted my tempo by wrapping his legs around my back and threading his fingers through my hair. I could have finished him off within minutes, but he was not about to abandon his plan. Prying my head off his rod, he stood me up, reached into my Calvins, and, grabbing me by my balls, pulled me into our bedroom.

There, he sprawled out on the unmade bed and, with the air of one who is accustomed to having his demands carried out, said, "Now I want you to bring me the *Chronicle*, a glass of wine, some of that clothesline we bought last year and never put up, some clothespins, and my black canvas belt."

I had fetched everything within minutes. He used the clothesline to tie my feet together so I could do little more than hobble. The rest of the stuff he ignored, for the time being.

"Now, boy, I want my dinner."

He could read the disappointment in my face.

"Don't sulk. I'm going to lie here and read the paper" (at this point he picked up my *Honcho*), "and you are going to tend to my every need. Go."

I left him there jacking off to the centerfold. Dinner took forever, what with the clothesline and my growing anger. When I was about halfway done, he came out to the kitchen—his greasy cock preceding him by about eight inches—to "help." His help consisted of sticking first one, then another of his fat fingers into the garlic butter, then forcing both of them up my ass. He followed me around the kitchen like this for quite some time—me stumbling around and driven to distraction, him laughing at my plight. When dinner was nearly complete, he announced with a lordly air that it was his wish to be served in the dining room and that I'd better be quick about setting the table before the food got cold. He left me there, cursing under my breath, and went into the dining room to watch the "show" my frantic race to fulfill his orders.

Finally, after several near mishaps, I laid both of our dinners on the table. Just as I was beginning to seat myself, he summoned me over to his chair and wordlessly tied my hands behind my back. With another length of rope he connected my bound hands and feet so that I could no longer stand upright. All I could do was kneel.

"You don't eat now. Maybe later—if you do as you're told. Right now you're going to crawl under the table and make me feel good."

This, I thought, was going too far. But I had too much pride to admit the scene was too much for me. I'd show him I could take whatever he dished out. I got under the damn table, he spread his legs, and I got to work. First, I licked off the heavy layer of lube he'd used while jerking off; then I started sucking hard and fast. My idea was to bring him off as fast as possible so I could eat my dinner, but once again I found he had no intention of coming. Whenever he got too close he'd reach down and hold my head firmly in place against his belly. Once he pulled me off his dick altogether and thrust a small piece of steak in my mouth. Then he patted me on the head and sneered, "Good doggy." I got pissed and began using my teeth on his cockhead, but he put a stop to that by clobbering me a couple of times.

By the time he finished eating, my jaws were aching and there was murder in my heart. He stood up and allowed me to crawl out from underneath him.

"Good boy. You got a little frisky for a minute there, but I guess you learned your lesson, huh? How about some dinner now?"

I watched him stroll into the bedroom and return with his belt and newspaper. Picking up my plate he said in a low, dangerous voice, "Into the dressing room, boy, and you better hurry—dinner's getting *cold*!" And on the word "cold" his belt came down hard on my backside.

I got the message fast. He was enjoying himself—and my discomfort—thoroughly. I made my way into the sitting room, my knees pushing my shoulders along, Frank following and whipping me whenever I hesitated for even a second. He kept up a running commentary on how hot my butt looked in my sweaty briefs and how pretty a shade of red my back was becoming. He was acting like a son-of-a-bitch, but to tell the truth, despite my initial rage, I was finding this a big turn-on. After five years of monogamy, it was like having sex with a complete stranger. Somewhere between the dining room and the sitting room, I gave up my anger and surrendered to my humiliation. Frank was playing his part perfectly, never slipping back into the lover I knew.

In the dressing room he spread out the newspapers in front of the mirror and laid

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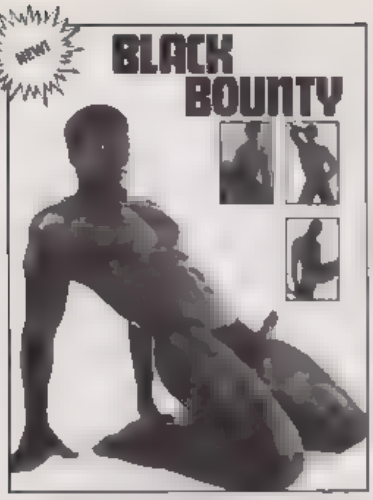

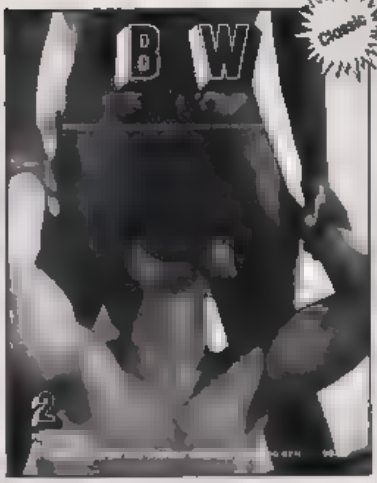

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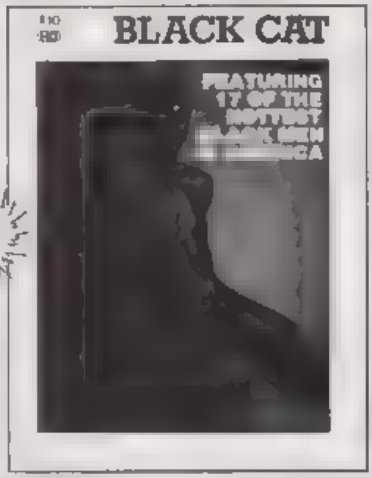

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my plate in the middle of them. I saw that he had cut up my steak into little—and some not-so-little—pieces. It was all too clear what was about to happen: I was to eat my dinner doggie-style.

"Come on, boy, chow down."

With that he straddled my back and pushed my face down within an inch of the plate. Hesitantly, I began lapping up the meat and the butter sauce. Frank got impatient with my progress and egged me on. Before long, half my face was dripping with butter sauce. Looking at myself in the mirror, I had to admit there was something sexy in all this mess, and I couldn't help but grin at myself. Frank sat down in a chair immediately behind me and beat off, occasionally using one of his feet to push my ass higher in the air or my face down into the butter.

I licked my plate clean.

Afterwards Frank cleaned my face off with an improvised washcloth—one of his socks, actually—and then led me into the bedroom, where I was tied in a kneeling position to the bedpost at the foot of his side of bed.

"Time for dessert," he announced.

He disappeared into the kitchen and came back with a piece of chocolate cake, smothered in whipped cream, on a tray. Again not speaking, he stretched out on the bed and began eating with exaggerated pleasure. After a few bites, he got up and came towards me.

"Forgot something," he mumbled.

He pulled off one of my socks and gagged me with it. Then he grabbed the clothespins and very, very slowly placed one on each of my nipples. This was agony for me—I'd never before used any kind of tit clamps—and I found it hard to believe that people actually enjoyed this. Ignoring my watering eyes, he finished up by pulling my underwear down around my knees and exposing my swollen dick.

He sat back down on the bed and finished his dessert while at the same time giving himself a hand-job. He divided his attentions between me and (infuriatingly) the centerfold. With one of his feet, he began pummeling my unprotected balls. When he tired of that trick, he attempted to poke his big toe up my hole. *That* got me hotter than hell, and I begged him with my eyes to stop the torture and give me what he knew I wanted: his thick hunk of meat up my ass.

At last he took mercy on me and untied the clothesline, only to promptly retie me face-down, spread-eagle on the bed. He smeared the remaining whipped cream into my crack and began eating his second piece of dessert. I squirmed on the bed, trying hard to get his tongue further and further inside me. We fed on our mutual frenzy till neither of us could stand it anymore. No lube, no spit, no fucking whipped cream, just the basics: his cock, my ass.

He managed to ride me for ten minutes, stopping half a dozen times along the way to make it last, before pumping his load as deep in my hole as he could get it. And eight inches can get it in pretty deep.

Afterwards he ungagged me.

"Thanks," I said, meaning it.

"Anytime."

"One more thing."

"Something I forgot?"

"Stay inside me for a while. I want to come with your dick still inside me."

"Boy, I got news for you. I'm staying put for a while, but it's not so you can come. You're not *going* to come tonight. Hang on, now, I'm not through with you yet. The toilet beckons, but that bathroom floor is awfully cold at night."

Complete silence; then a minute later I could feel the first trickle of piss inside me. As the trickle became a stream, then a river, his low, sadistic laugh sounded in my ear. When it stopped, he was rock-hard again and just as horny as ever. He started pumping, and it was torture not knowing if I could keep his piss inside me, not daring to think what he'd do to me if I couldn't. He came all over my back, jets of cum arching all over me and the bed.

When he got his wind back, he bent down and licked his jizm off me. Grabbing me by the hair, he twisted my head around and, using his tongue, fed me his load, every drop.

Satisfied, he led me into the bathroom and *allowed* me to clean off his dirty cock with my tongue. Then he stood guard while I washed myself, to make sure I didn't beat off.

Naturally I couldn't sleep. Twice during the night he woke up with a piss-hard. Neither time did he get up to empty it in the bathroom. He used what was handy: my mouth. The second time he got horny again. He fucked my face and came all over my hair. He didn't bother cleaning me up, of course, just went contentedly back to sleep.

In the morning we showered together, so that again he could be sure I wouldn't jack off. I lathered up his entire body, only to be ordered to suck him off—without rinsing the soap off first. Given the choice of eating my cereal doggie-style or going without, I chose to go without breakfast for a change.

We dressed, him in his suit, me in my jeans, and I heard him call a cab. When it arrived, I turned toward the front door.

"Hey, stay right where you are. This is it—your chance to come. If you can manage it before that lazy cab driver gets out of his cab and rings our buzzer, fine. But if you can't, I'm going to send him away, you're going to call in sick, and I'm going to take you back into the bedroom and tie you to the four corners of the bed. Then I'll go to work, and when I get home we'll repeat every single thing we did last night."

I made it with five seconds to spare. And here I am at work, typing this up and getting a hard-on thinking about my lover.

Not bad for five years, huh? ■

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SET 'EM UP, JOE

Continued from page 72

Joe squirmed and bucked as Mark worked his ass over. He raised his butt even higher so that Mark could get his tongue inside the pucker. "Yeah, work me," he whispered. "God, that's good, Mark. I never let anyone near my asshole, but you're so good, so good. Suck me out, man. Suck me out."

But when Mark slid a finger into Joe's ass, Joe bolted to his feet. "Easy, Mark," he said. "Your tongue's one thing, but that hole won't open for anything else. It just won't. Really." He hugged Mark tight and led him into the bedroom.

Two joints and a beer or two later, they were really going at it. Joe took all nine inches of Mark's Italian sausage in one gulp with not so much as a single gag. He buried his nose in Mark's bush and rubbed his chin over Mark's balls. Mark gave Joe the same treatment, and after a while he started to slide his finger into Joe's hole again. They were more stoned now, and Joe, nursing on Mark's dick, hardly even whimpered. Mark's finger was all the way in to the last knuckle before Joe reacted.

He bucked slightly and groaned, but he wasn't about to take his mouth off that juicy cock to make any more of a protest: he was ready to be had.

Mark eased a second finger up Joe's asshole, and when Joe started bucking, it only drove the fingers in deeper. The third finger went in even easier. After that, Mark reached under the bed with his other hand and pulled out a tube of grease. He started stuffing globs of it around the three fingers buried in Joe's asshole, working the lube in deep.

Then before Joe knew what was happening, Mark arched his torso, yanked his dick out of Joe's mouth, and shoved it between Joe's fur-lined mounds. He hit bottom on the first thrust.

"Jesus God! You've got that fucking cock of yours up my ass! Goddamn!" Joe growled as Mark began sliding in and out. "I can't fucking take much more. You're gonna shoot out of my mouth with that thing."

Mark rode deep and hard. This man's ass was all he wanted in the world. Few men had ever been able to take Mark's cock the way this guy was taking it. No matter what Joe said, his tight hole *craved* cock—Mark had no doubt about that. And it wasn't long before he was proved right.

"Drive it home, fucker. Shove it up my ass. Shit, my hole never gets it this good. Get it in me. Fuck me. Fuck me!" Joe

Mark started to slide his finger into Joe's hole again. Joe raised little objection, nursing deep strokes on Mark's cum-packed pistol. Joe's butt-eye was soaked with sweat. Mark's fingers slid easily all the way in to the last knuckle before Joe reacted. He bucked on Mark's finger, still gobbling Mark's thrusting cock. He groaned, realizing his hole was being invaded, but he wouldn't take his mouth off the cock he wanted so badly. He was ready to be had.

yelled

When Mark shot, his first blast lifted Joe right off the bed. Then Joe let go and blew his pudding three feet into the air, spattering them both. Mark slid out of Joe's butt and let the last of his spray land on Joe's furry chest.

"Yeah," Joe gasped. "Yeah, that's just what I wanna see—your cum all over me. Good man, Mark. Look at all that glue."

Mark liked the idea of his cum being like glue. He pressed his chest against Joe's and let it hold them together. They passed out in each other's arms.

Joe had agreed to Mark's second choice as double-or-nothing winner. "A bet's a bet," he'd whispered as they kissed goodbye that afternoon. Mark's second choice was simple: another night together. They'd arranged to meet at one o'clock that night at Ty's, by the Trivia Whiz machine.

Mark arrived a full hour early and squeezed himself in among the crowd at Frank's end of the bar to wait for the appointed time to roll around. Frank's deep dimples, green eyes, and thick mane of black hair were three of the reasons that his end of the bar was always crowded. Another was his endearing smile, and then there was the impression he always gave that he was really listening to you whenever you felt the need to pour your heart out. Not that Mark was about to do so. He was pretty self-contained when it came to the really serious stuff in his life. And as his doubts about Joe showing up got more and more serious, with the passing of one o'clock, then two o'clock, then three, then last call, Mark just got quieter. But Frank knew what was bothering him. He'd seen Joe and Mark leave together the night before. And once upon a time—*only* once—Joe had left the bar with Frank.

Finally, Mark and Frank were alone in the bar, Mark staring glumly into his ninth or tenth brandy. He wondered what he'd done to cause Joe to reject him. Joe had warned him that he didn't take it up the ass, but once it happened, Joe seemed to really get off on it. And afterwards, he'd fallen asleep like a baby in Mark's arms.

"Forget him," Frank said softly into Mark's ear.

"Who?" Mark asked drunkenly, still determined to keep his troubles to himself.

"You know who, and so do I."

"You do?"

"'Course I do. I was tending bar last night, as usual, watching everything that went on, as usual."

"'Course. Hey, Frank, do you know him? Do you know Joe Banner?"

"I *have* known him, if you get my meaning. I was his first. Taught him everything he knows."

Mark was puzzled. "His first? Oh, you mean you were the first person he cheated with—on his lover."

There was no way to let the guy down easy, Frank decided. "I was the first guy he cheated with on his *wife*. Sorry, Mark, but he's the type you never see more than once. Real chicken shit."

They kept talking, and after a while Mark was feeling a little better, a little past the crisis point, but he was drunker than shit.

"Listen, baby, you're too drunk to walk home," said Frank, cradling Mark in his arms. "You can stay with me, right upstairs. Okay?"

Mark gazed up into Frank's understanding eyes, and the older man's dimpled

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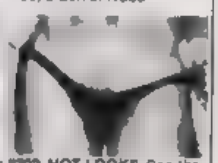

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smile melted the last of Mark's sadness. "Okay," he said

They hugged, Frank standing beside Mark's stool, his chest hairs tickling Mark's nose Mark could see Frank's hard-on slinking down his thigh, the tip showing through a hole in his jeans. Although he'd known Frank forever, since they were both tops he'd never thought about the two of them making it. However, as he had very recently learned, you can never take a man's tastes, or his background, for granted At the moment, Mark was in no way taking *Frank* for granted He was lusting after him with an intensity fueled by the painful sense of rejection he had been suffering all evening

"I want you, Frank," he said huskily, "right here, right now, on the bar Lie back"

Frank slid his ass up on the bar and wordlessly shed his boots, socks, jeans, and T-shirt, then lay back under the amber spots. Mark licked him from head to toe, then stripped and climbed onto the bar, his meat waving in Frank's face Big Sicilian dicks disappeared into hot Sicilian mouths.

After a while, Frank wrapped his fuzzy legs around Mark's neck and hissed, "Suck my ass, baby. I been waitin' for this for years. Stick your pretty face in my ass." He pulled at Mark's raven locks and rubbed the curls under his bloated balls as Mark tongued his asshole. "Yeah, work me. God, that's good, Mark You're so good, so good Suck me out, man Suck me out."

Mark spit into his hands and rubbed it on his cock "I'll go real slow," he promised when Frank looked up at him "You can stop me if I hurt you."

Without protest, Frank raised his legs over Mark's shoulders and braced for the skewering Mark slammed home

"Oh, God, you're so hot for it It feels so good, baby. Gimme it—all of it!"

Mark pounded away, and Frank rolled back and forth to make the thrusts even deeper

"Fuck the shit out of me, man. My ass never had it so good Fuck me, man! Fuck me!"

Mark crammed himself all the way up into Frank's innards and blew off Frank pulled Mark's face into his and tongue-fucked his mouth, at the same time spilling his load all over the two of them w thout ever touching his cock

When both of them were drained, they lay back gasping for air on the chilly wood of the bar top

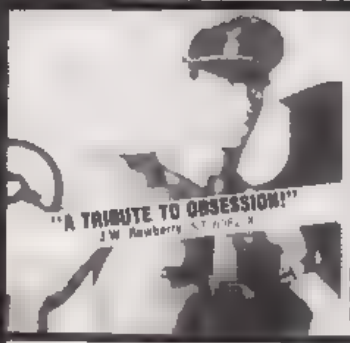
"Lemme clean up, honey," Frank whispered

Mark rested while Frank cleaned the bar and both of their bodies. Then they dressed and went outside into the dawn Frank locked the bar and they climbed the four flights to his apartment They flopped into bed without undressing and instantly fell sound asleep.

When Mark woke up, it was after dark and Frank had already gone downstairs to work Mark had a terrific hangover, and his head was spinning with all sort of confusions. Had he really fucked Frank? Wasn't Frank supposed to be a top? Did Joe really have a lover? Or a wife? Was there a horse farm? And what was that about animal husbandry? And was it Frank or Joe who, in the middle of being fucked had cried out, "My ass never had it so good!"

"Jesus, what a head," Mark sa d to himself, massaging his temples. "Hair of the dog," he remembered, and headed for Frank's liquor cabinet But then he decided that liquor was neither the real cu prit nor a promising cure. "Hair of the dog," he repeated, but with a different meaning this time, and the new idea—an old one, actually—brought a smile to his lips. He hurried into his clothes and headed down the stairs for another game of Trivia Whiz ■

CHRISTOPHER RAGE



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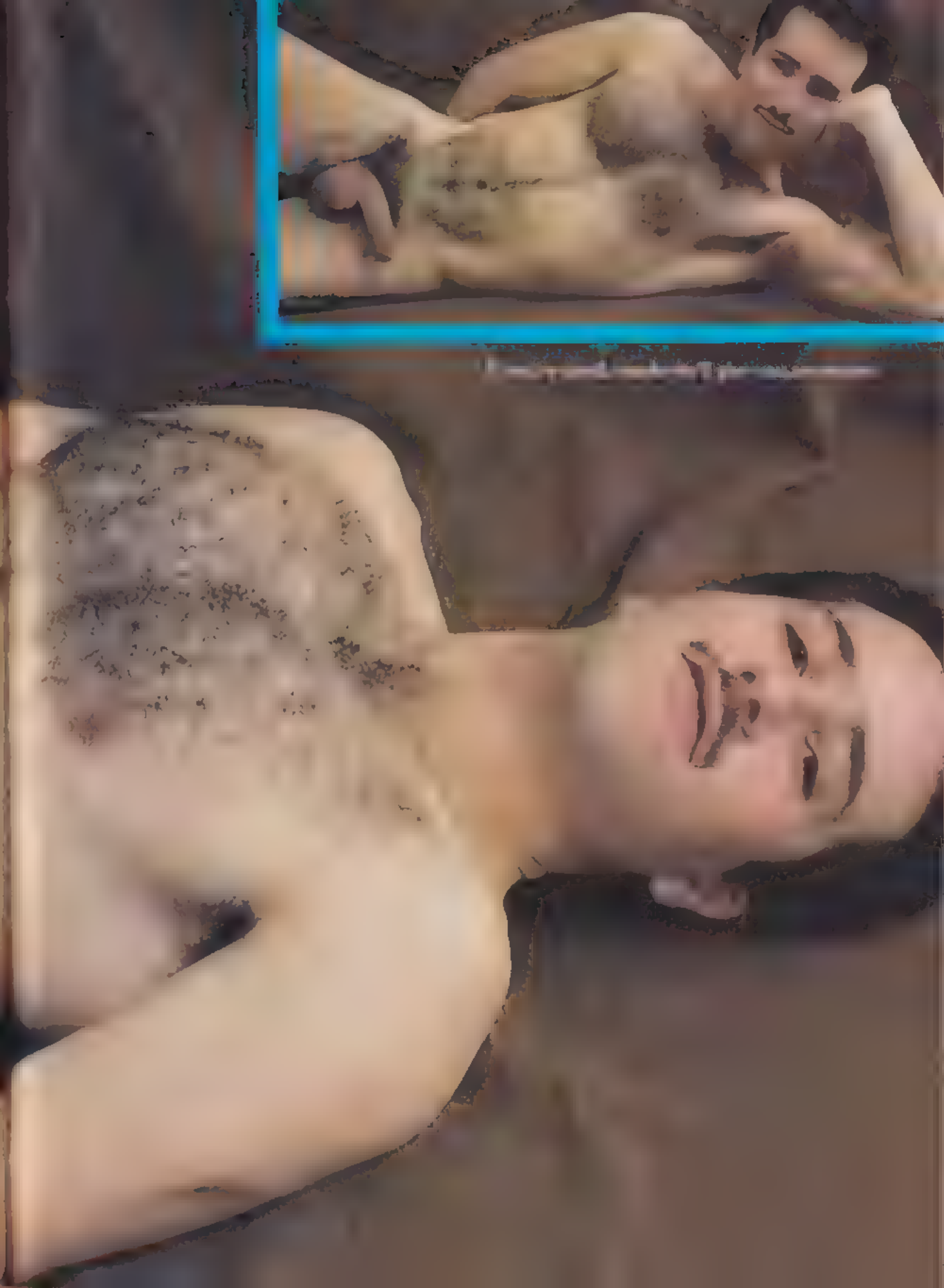

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The Young Olympians

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Closet Set II
El Paso Wrecking Corp.
Handsome
Heatstroke
Kansas City Trucking Co.
L.A. Tool and Die

from Matt Sterling
Huge I
Huge II

from Steve Scott
Dangerous
Doing It
A Few Good Men
Flashback
Games
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I Do
Inches
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All American Boys in Heat
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Faces
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Falconpac 24 *("Style")*
Falconpac 25—28 *($57.95 each)*
Falconpac 29 *("Huge I")*
Falconpac 30
Falconpac 31 *("Huge II")*
Falconpac 32 *("The New Breed")*
Falconpac 33 *("Spokes")*
Falconpac 34 *("Winner Takes All")*
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Falconpac 40 *("Splash Shots")*
Falconpac 41 *("Nightflight")*
Falconpac 42—45 *($57.95 each)*
Falconpac 46 *("Spring Training")*
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Fleshtones
Forbidden Dreams *(transsexual)*
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Frathouse One
Getting Off Campus
Good Hot Stuff *(Buckshot)*
Good Men Go Bad
Hard
Hard As They Come
Hard Men at Work
Hard Money
H.E.A.T.
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Heavy Equipment
Hot off the Press
Hot Shots *(with Casey Donovan)*
Hotel Hell
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Hunk *(with Roger)*
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Jacks Are Wild
Jailmates
King Size
Knockout
L.A. Boiling Point
Long Johns
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Made in the Shade, Part 2
Making it Huge
Manheat
Manta k
Master of the Discipline
Men and Steel
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Muscle Fever
Never Big Enough
Never Ending Studs
New Wave Hustlers
Nothing But the Best
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Oreo Boys
Outrage
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Private Collection *(Hand-in-Hand)*
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Revenge of the N ghthawk
Room for Rent
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Dune Buddies
Everything Goes
Fire Island Fever
Good Hot Stuff
Hot House
The Idol
In Heat
Jack
Just Blonds
Left-Handed
A Night at the Adonis
The N ght Before
Rough Trades
Sex Magic
Station to Station
Strictly Forbidden
Wanted: Billy the Kid
Hungry Hole
Small Town Boy

other
Alleycats
The Arousers
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OR #54 *("Forever Uncut")*
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Falconhead II
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(not X-rated; exercise only)
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Black Forbidden Fantasies
Black Orient Express
Black Sex Therapy
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Bring Your Own Man
Broadway Boys
California's Golden Boys
Cell Block #9
Cherokee Station
Christopher Street Blues
Cousin Buck
Death of Scorpio
Deep Passage
Dynamite
Flesh and Fantasy
Friends Are Best
Golden Boys of the SS
The Harder They Fall
(also called "Trouble Shooters")
Harley's Angels
Hot Trash
Humungous
Humungous, Part 2
In Search of the Perfect Man
Jeff Noll's Buddies
Juice
Kid Brother
Kiss Today Goodbye
Le Voyeur *(from P.M. Productions)*
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Men Between Themselves
Men Come First
Muscle Bound
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Mustang #2 *("Something Dirty")*
Mustang #3 *("Three-Way Climax")*
Mustang #4 *("School's Out")*
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Oil Rig #99
Opposites Attract
Pieces of Eight
Pier Groups
Point Me Toward Tomorrow
Prison for Life
The Prostitute
Pygmalion
Quarterback
Rawhide
Red Ball Express
Roommates
Rough House
Rugged Men
Rushes
Schoolmates 2
Sex Machine
So Many Men, So Little Time
Song of the Loon
(soft-core classic love story)
Subway
Supercharger
Sweat Box
Thank You for Coming
Tough Guys
Trisexual
Trouble Shooters
(also called "Harder They Fall")
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Wrestling Meat II
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House Detective
Need It Bad
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. ght B ue Hanky Left
(" Oral Expert")
Macho Grande
Mondo Nexus
Mustard Hanky Right
(Eight inches or more)
Naked City Nights
Navy Blue Hanky Left
Night Beat
Olive Drab Hanky Left
("Uniforms")
Orange Hanky Left
("Anything, Anytime")
Poker Studs
Pure Fantasies
Raoul's Masterpiece
Ramrod #1 *("AWOL")*
Ramrod #2 *(Everhard")*
Ramrod #3 *(Mouthful)*
Ramrod #4 *(Two Hard to Handle")*
Robin s Egg Blue Hanky *(69)*
Rush ng
Safe Sex
Savage Rides Again
S nglehanded
Studhunter Vol 1
Studhunter, Vol. 2
Their Tender Moments
Tub Studs
Wh te Hanky Left
Wrestl ng Studs
Writer s Delight
Young Stallions

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Head Wa ter
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Buckskin Bosun
Busy Boys
Chained
Cocky Cruis n
Confidential Case Histories
Cram Course
Cycle Studs
Dead y Blows
Desires of the Devil
Fantasy Island
Foreskin Fantasy III *(Phantasm)*
Guys Who Do
Handy Randy Guys
Hard Hat
High Rol ers
Hot for Cash
Hot Jobs
Hottest Hunks in Town
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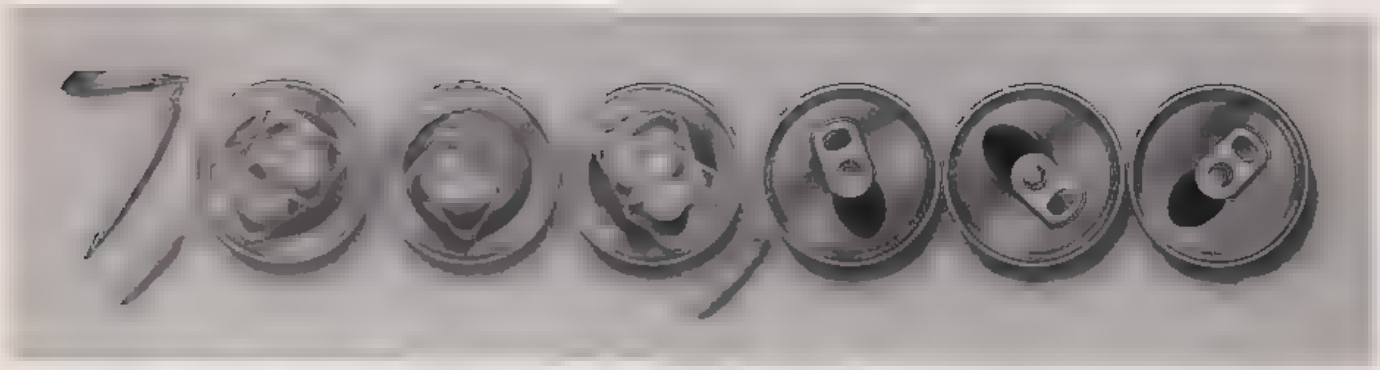

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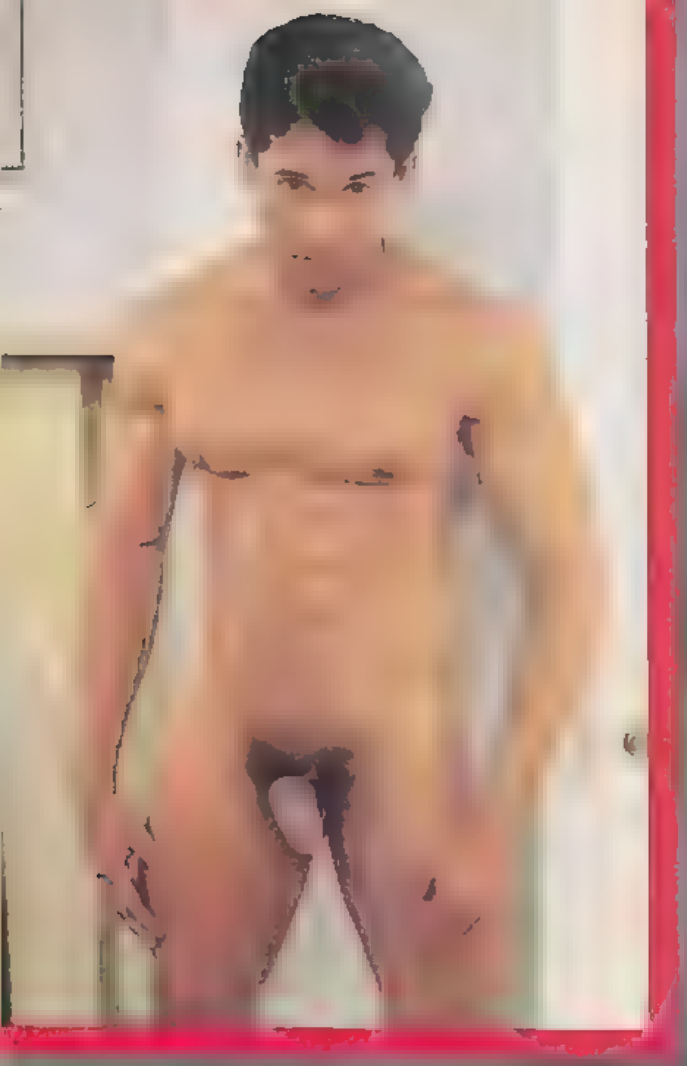

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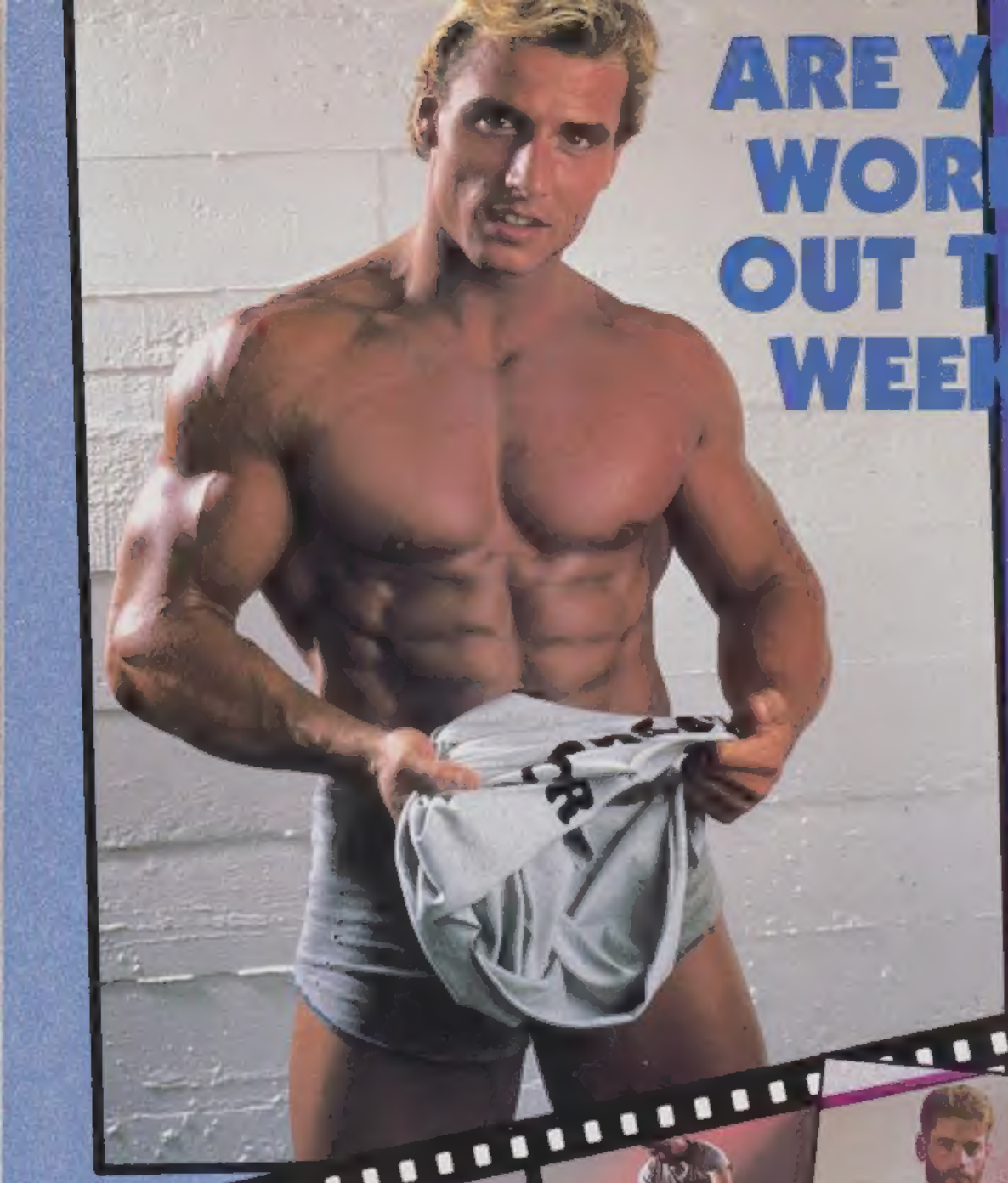

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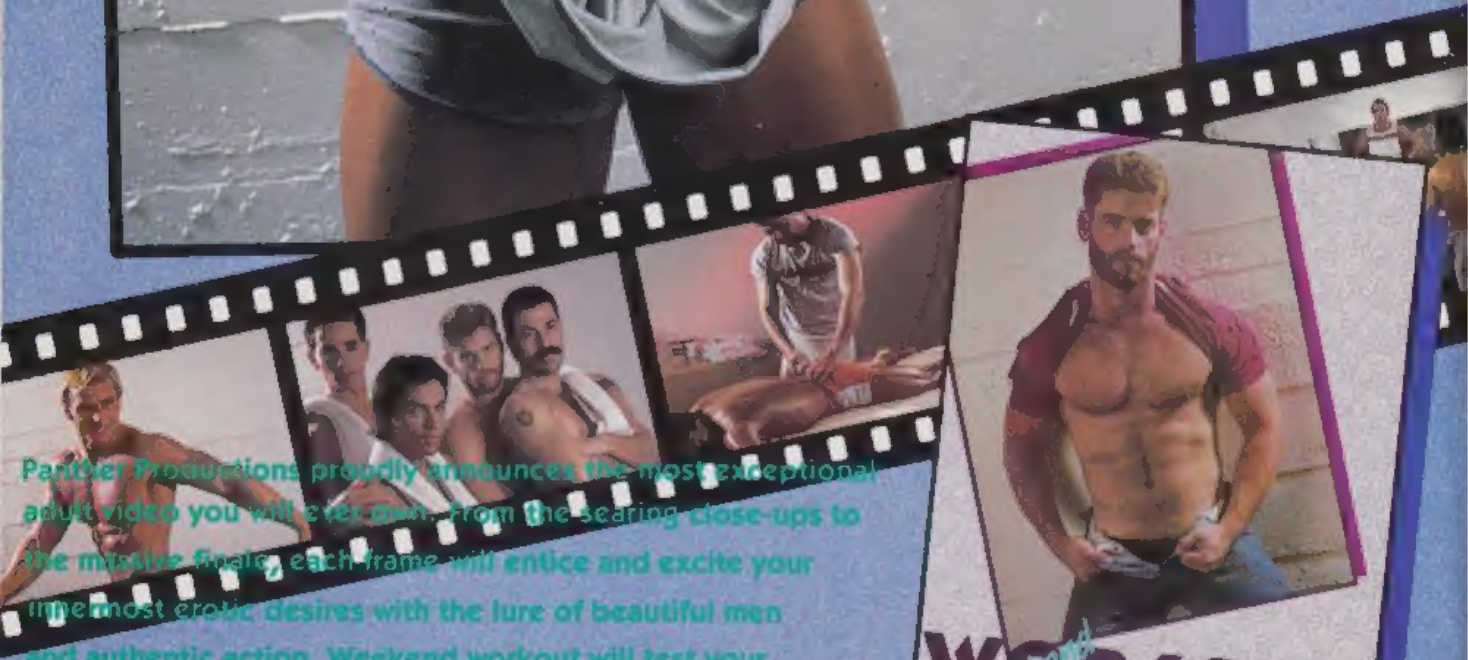

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